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CHRONICLE.

Germany and the Slave Trade. A SOMEWHAT serious matter was reported on Monday from Zanzibar, the local German authorities at Bagamoyo being said to have proclaimed that place a free mart for the buying and selling of slaves. This was a sufficiently obvious attempt to divert trade from Zanzibar, where the traffic has just been forbidden. It seemed unlikely, though just possible, that the German Government would permit it. Although unofficial organs in Germany expressed great disapproval of the proclamation, it was remarkable that official organs were silent or apologetic, and that no Government contradiction was at first issued. On Wednesday night, however, the *Imperial Gazette* published a statement to the effect that Dr. SCHMIDT, the Vice-Commissioner at Zanzibar, denies the issue of any such proclamation, and attributes it to a mischief-making Arab—a rather curious form of repudiation. It appears, moreover, that Dr. SCHMIDT thought it would be necessary to go to Bagamoyo himself to find out; and, though the *Gazette* expresses its of course authoritative opinion that it is impossible that any sale of slaves can have taken place, as alleged, under the supervision of a German official, this is not the same thing as a denial of the fact. The tenor of the *communiqué*, however, sufficiently disposes of the notion that the German Government intends to back up its officials, though it does not dispose of the possibility that these officials (who are, it must be remembered, to a man deeply dissatisfied with the Anglo-German Agreement, and bitterly jealous of England) may have done something of the kind. It ought to be added, too, that few sensible Germans sympathize with the fanatical abhorrence of slavery as slavery which has become an almost unquestioned conventionality in England. This is to be specially kept in mind in reading a second manifesto in the *Gazette* twenty-four hours later, in which it is explained that Germany, though she will have nothing to do with the slave trade, does not feel called upon peremptorily to stop household slavery as it exists in these countries—a position not very different from our own.

The Ticino Revolution. What appeared to be at first sight, and in the main was, one of the most delightful and Rabagasian of revolutions took place towards the end of last week in the Canton Ticino. The political arrangements of that canton are a matter of the deepest unimportance to the world at large, and probably, except as far as the vanity or the palm-greasing propensities of certain individuals are concerned, to the Ticinese themselves. But, as the Ultramontanes have been a long time "in" and the Liberals a long time "out," it seemed to the latter, as it often does in such a case, that there ought to be a revision of the Constitution, and to the former that there ought not. So the Liberals dressed as commercial travellers, and seized the arsenal at Bellinzona, the garrison of which was dining with its family. The Corps de Garde was "arrested," the Councillors of State barricaded themselves in the palace of the Government to the number of two, sledge-hammers were sent for, and Bellinzona was to the adventurous. Unfortunately (and still mysteriously) Councillor Rossi was killed, thus throwing gloom over proceedings which otherwise would have been purely agreeable. Further news threw a rather less theatrical complexion on the revolution, but also showed pretty conclusively that the matter, as most of these matters are, was a *reductio ad absurdum* (or *ad cruentum*) of Home Rule. The Conservatives of Lugano and Locarno are pitted against the Liberals of Bellinzona, just as the Conservatives of Armagh would be pitted against the Liberals of Tipperary, and the Liberals of Little Piddlington against the Conservatives of

Kennaquhair. No one but a simpleton can require this illustration; but it may be very useful to the simpletons. Meanwhile, Berne was not idle, and the central Government sent troops across the St. Gothard with very commendable promptitude. Colonel KENZLI, the Federal delegate and general, seems to have dealt with the fiery spirits of Bellinzona in an intelligent manner, and to have as nearly as possible contented all parties, notwithstanding the threats of free shooting, first from the Liberal party, and then by the Conservatives.

Other Foreign Affairs. In France the Boulangist "revelations" have gone on to an extent which seems to have surprised even some students of the *brav' Général*. Considering his conduct years ago to the Duke of AUMALE, what did they think would be his conduct to the Duchess of Uzès? An immortal order of the day, supposing that General FERRON has not hoaxed M. DE BLOWITZ, or that M. DE BLOWITZ has not hoaxed the *Times*, was published on Monday. "The soldiers," it ran, "must not allow themselves to be intimidated by the spectacle of the struggle," adding that "the firings are always arranged," and that "we shall always keep in view that kind of combat which 'carries to a paroxysm the faculties of the soldier.' *O genus humanum!*" as Mr. THOMAS BROWN the youngest used to remark. By way of making the best of a bad job, some Republican partisans have in this country been eulogizing the leniency of the French Republic in not making an example of the Boulangists affected by the late "revelations." Do these innocents not perceive that the Republic is naturally afraid of more of her own representatives being convicted of similar practices? The French politician of the present day may be thus compared:—Royalist corrupt, Bonapartist more corrupt, Republican most corrupt; and hence the fear of urging revelations too far. Besides these matters, the series of MERMEIX and other duels is going on, M. MERMEIX himself having been wounded rather more severely than is usual, and a war to the knife has arisen between President CARNOT and Parisian society. The PRESIDENT, it seems, has asserted his right to the State box at the Français on Tuesday when the Princess of SAGAN usually retains it, and every Parisian who respects himself becomes a "Mardiste." Hence, "Death to CARNOT" is the mildest cry of Tuesday's bairns.—There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Portuguese Cortes will ratify the Anglo-Portuguese Convention. It will of course be the worse for Portugal, not for us, in the long run, if it is not ratified, but this would be much to be regretted. The actual Session of the Cortes opened on Monday, and was illustrated by a free fight between the magnanimous Major SERPA PINTO and a progressist priest. Then Senhor HINTZE RIBEIRO announced "with approval" certain modifications which do not in the least interfere with English prerogative, but which very properly conciliate it with Portuguese susceptibility. Great comfort was also felt in Senhor NAVARRO's motion that all explorers be "declared to have deserved well of their country." Although, however, matters seemed thus to be settling down, a Ministerial crisis in the middle of the business shows that all is not plain sailing. Lisbon is said to be in something like a state of siege, and the unpopularity of England is worse than ever. It is rather unfortunate that a quarrel between a Portuguese ship and the authorities of the Cape of Good Hope has occurred just at this moment. It arose, of course, out of the sempiternal nuisance of slavery.—There has been a fire at the Alhambra—the real Alhambra, guiltless and beautiful original of so many tawdry imitations. The best parts, however, seem to be uninjured.—No special interest has attached to the meeting of the German and Austrian EMPERORS, such things having been now staled by custom and lack of variety.

The only incident of any striking kind in the Home Politics. week's home politics has been the arrest and release on remand of MESSRS. O'BRIEN and DILLON—a check administered by no means too soon to their contumacious lawlessness in preaching the Plan of Campaign.—Political speechifying has been very uninteresting, being chiefly confined to Mr. O'BRIEN, who is trying to show that he is not dead, and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, to whom, for obvious reasons, it is very important to show that he is still alive.—It is sad to learn that the thunderstorm of Wednesday night interrupted a meeting at Combe Wood which, but for the purity of the politics, might have been taken for a Primrose League orgie. For there were sports, and fireworks, and would have been dancing to season Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, Mr. D. BOLTON, and other savoury professors; but the rain descended, and the levin-bolt came, and a resolution anathematizing the Government could not even get proposed, though a reporter naïvely says that “it may be assumed it “would have been carried without a dissentient voice.”—On Thursday, Mr. T. E. ELLIS, a “young Welsh” member of Parliament, received a testimonial of 1,074*l.*, and asked in reply by what title Welsh landlords held their land? To which the answer is prompt—“By the very same title by “which Mr. ELLIS holds his cheque.”

Canon LIDDON was buried with no great pomp, but with the attendance in person or by proxy of many distinguished men and women, at St. Paul's on Tuesday. Very much has been written on him during the week, the most interesting document by far being a letter from his brother, Dr. EDWARD LIDDON, of Taunton, to the *Guardian*. Some passages in it are remarkable. “With regard to his politics “he is claimed as a Liberal. He certainly was no party “politician, he subordinated his politics to his religious “convictions.” “In that [the Bulgarian] instance he “was, no doubt, greatly influenced by the fact that the “oppressed were Christians and the oppressors Mahom- “medans.” It will be observed that these statements from the best possible authority coincide almost verbally with passages of an article in last week's *Saturday Review*, which has not only been impudently garbled and falsified by that modern incarnation of the spirit of lies, the newspaper “paragraphist,” but has been strangely misrepresented in quarters where better things might have been expected. This *Review* professes to be nothing if not critical; and there are few things so remote from criticism as the vague and senseless gush which, when two men are dead, would ignore the fact that the first half of the life of one contradicts the second half, and because the other was a most agreeable personality, a gifted preacher, and a faithful Churchman, would see in him all the intellect of a BERKELEY, all the learning of a LIGHTFOOT, and all the originality of a HOOKER.

Trade Disputes. Mr. GLADSTONE visited the Dee Iron Works on Friday week, and made a speech, not without interest, on industrial progress. He did not, unluckily, dwell on certain coincident affairs at Southampton. There it seemed as though the resolution of the employers had been crowned with complete success. But, as was feared by some prophets of evil, the strike was not quite over when the dockers proper gave in. That exceedingly mischievous body the Seamen and Firemen's Union, which has been at the bottom of more strikes recently than any other, put its oar in, and on Saturday the dispute was reported as by no means settled. These proceedings became yet more mysterious on Monday, the strike being apparently turned into a lock-out for a short time, and that into a concession by the masters. The man SPROW, however, was committed to take his trial; and in general the authorities seem to have plucked up courage. It is particularly satisfactory to learn that both the Union and the P. and O. Companies have stood firm on the question of dismissing non-Unionist servants. This is the kernel of the whole matter. Meanwhile a good front seems to be shown both by employers and the public to the strike tyranny in Australia. On the other hand, the London dockers appear to have made several steps further in the direction of establishing a close guild of unskilled workmen—a thing which, even from the Socialist point of view, can only “end in a “blow up.”

Sport. On the last day of the Doncaster Meeting Florence won, from a very large field in these days, the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate; Tyrant the Doncaster Cup; and Mr. HOULDSWORTH's good

colt, Alloway, the Doncaster Stakes. There was some fair racing at Leicester on Tuesday, Mr. BAIRD's Phyllida beating Mr. BRODRICK-CLOËTE's Cereza for the Badminton Fox Plate; and Lord ROSEBURY's Kermesse filly winning the Bradford Plate.—The Australians were defeated, after a very up and down game, by Hurst Park, on Friday week: a second defeat by the South of England in the present week being a hollow affair. The match between North and South was finished, at Hastings, on Saturday; the South winning a close match by nine runs.

An extraordinary fire, illustrating the strange Miscellaneous. carelessness which prevails in our “edility,” occurred on the Metropolitan Railway on Monday. A naphtha warehouse between two lines of rails caught fire, and above the naphtha warehouse and in a bridge of iron girders was a three-foot gas main, of which, apparently, nobody knew. The naphtha and the gas between them naturally enjoyed themselves very much with the girders, though the bridge did not actually collapse.—The Duke of CLARENCE has been paying a visit to Wales—a very good thing to be done, and one which might be done oftener without disadvantage. The visit was to South Wales, not to North, where another “Royalty,” CARMEN SYLVA, has been saluted by 2,000 “rock cannons” at Bethesda. The DUKE himself received a particularly cordial welcome at Cardiff—a welcome which was probably rendered more cordial by the attempt made by some of the usual bumpkins curmudgeons who play at cheap Republicanism to interfere with it. Meanwhile the DUKE's brother, Prince GEORGE, has been made the hero of an interesting effort in the New Journalism by an enterprising gutteralist of Montreal, who represented the PRINCE as having been attacked by roughs, and, after prodigies of valour, taken to the station-house. The Montrealians do not relish this, and the artist is in trouble.—The Library Association met at Reading on Wednesday, and Mr. MAURICE THOMPSON, the President, gave an address, which was followed, among other things, by an interesting paper from Mr. ST. JOHN THACKERAY on libraries in the neighbourhood, especially the Queen's at Windsor, that of Eton College, and Mr. LEVESON GOWER's, but not the “guarded hold” of Britwell.—On Wednesday Mr. Justice LAWRENCE found himself unable to grant the injunction asked for in the case of the Pelican Club by the inhabitants of Gerrard Street, or some of them.

Sir WILLIAM HARDMAN, who died on Friday week, was a good Conservative, a very useful county magistrate, and for some time the editor of the *Morning Post*.—M. JOFFRIN, of the French Chamber, was chiefly notorious as having beaten the brave General at the height of the Boulangist mania.—The French stage has had a severe loss in Mme. JEANNE SAMARY, the possessor of a delightful *minois chiffonné*, the most accomplished recent exponent of the Moliéresque soubrette, and an admirable actress in more modern comedy.—Mr. DION BOUCICAULT's death, announced as we go to press, concerns Englishmen more closely, and we must give it further notice later.

Books, &c. Mrs. STANLEY has lightened the darkness of the still dead season by publishing with CASSELL & Co. a very pretty collection of her sketches of *London Street Arabs*, with letterpress to suit.

IRELAND.

THE comment made by the London spokesmen of the Separatist party almost relieves an advocate on the other side from the necessity of justifying either the decision of the Ministry to subject Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON to what is delightfully called the “unwarrantable indignity “of arrest,” or the time it has chosen for the perpetration of its offence against decency. That patriots who can pass their holidays at Glengariff or at “pretty watering-places ten miles from Dublin” should be laid by the heels with no more regard for their comfort than so many common agitators has always in itself appeared an outrage to the Democratic friends of the people, and is in this case rather taken for granted than specifically quoted as an aggravation of Mr. BALFOUR's gross want of taste. Neither are many words spent on that lamentable but now habitual outrage—namely, the serving of legal documents on Mr. O'BRIEN in the presence

of ladies. The sarcasm and argument of the friends of these two patriots are mainly employed to prove that they have been arrested at a time so very ill chosen as to be both too late and too early. It is, it seems, monstrous to come down on them now in the middle of their holiday for words used before the beginning of September; to select for their arrest a time when "in the rush and bustle of events the New Tipperary struggle had well nigh passed out of the public mind." Well, it would no doubt be a waste of time to argue, in reply to this, that it is for the Government which arrests, and not for the agitator who is arrested, to choose the time. And there are certain features in the New Tipperary struggle at the present moment which explain why this is a particularly convenient time for the arrest. It is an excellent rule that when an enemy is on the run he should be kept on the run. New Tipperary is very manifestly on the run, and nothing can be better calculated to keep it in the practice of that wholesome exercise, and direct its course to a proper goal, than practical demonstration that the agitators who originally misled its unfortunate inhabitants cannot save their own skins, far less their dupes'. The audacity shown in ignoring the language used by Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON since the beginning of September is more ingenious, but less honest, than the candour which is shocked by the misconduct of a Government which arrests its agitator at a time convenient to itself and not to him. Yet these gentlemen have not passed all their holiday in domestic quiet at Glengarriff or Ballybrack. They have been heard of, and heard, elsewhere. On that ground, if on no other, we are of opinion that Mr. BALFOUR does not stand convicted of trumping up a charge merely because a warrant executed on the 18th of September was issued in consequence of offences committed before the 1st. The character of their eloquence since is only one reason more why they should be prosecuted for what they said earlier. But the Separatists are not only convinced that the arrest is tardy, but also that it is premature. They are of opinion that it has been ordered in the hope of stopping the coming tour of Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON in America, and so saving Mr. BALFOUR from the awful punishment which the eloquence of these gentlemen would bring down on him for his neglect of the potato blight. The magnanimity which leads them to make this criticism is only equalled by the sagacity which reads the secret intentions of the IRISH SECRETARY. They are sure that the measure will do them a great deal of good, and it is therefore most handsome of them to warn us in time. The *Daily News* puts what it apparently considers the possible contingency that the Irish deputation were "financed by some smart American speculative agent," and asks, with wonder at the stupidity of Mr. BALFOUR, whether in this case the arrest would not be an admirable advertisement. Possibly; but we are afraid this present must be made to them. If Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON can only be silenced in Ireland by a process which will advertise them in America, they must be advertised. We can say to the Irish-American that, if he thinks the fear of advertising orators with him will deter us from putting agitators in prison in Ireland, he is much mistaken. The agitator, too (this, at least, is so firmly our belief that we are prepared to test it through a long period of years)—the agitator, when he finds that advertisement in America can only be bought by imprisonment in Ireland, will, unless he is of sterner stuff than some heroes who have lately been travelling with ladies, begin to think the price prohibitive.

Even before this arrest the person of sensibility will have observed with concern that all was not well with the heroes of Irish Nationalism this week. There is Mr. O'BRIEN, who has been visiting uttermost isles in the joy of outwitting the police and of advising peasants (in direct defiance of the Heaven-sent Land Act) to pay only what rent they decide that they can, but whose joy is tempered by the consciousness that his enemy has a large bill against him. We are deeply afraid that the arguments of English Gladstonians (who seem to think that "a poor man" may bring vexatious suits against a rich one *ad libitum*, and that if he is beaten it is the vilest of things for the rich man to ask him to repay the expenses which he has wantonly brought on his adversary) will not console Mr. O'BRIEN. Then the Nationalists are terribly exercised at Lord CLANRICARDE's intention to "plant" his lands. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE writes that, if this is done, he fears that somebody's ears really will be nailed to the pump; but the persons who are behind that simple politician are evi-

dently in the most trembling state of terror lest pumps should be no longer available and ears be horribly recalcitrant. We have admitted with great frankness that Lord CLANRICARDE, though usually acting within his strict right, has not always acted within the limits of strict wisdom. But, if he intends plantation, he is not only within his legal, but within his moral and political, right. There is, as has been shown over and over again, no salvation for Ireland unless a race of cultivators with stiffer backs than the average Irishman is introduced from time to time—a race that will say, and more than say, "You try to break my head, and see if your own does not get the worst of it." Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, whose innocence is almost more than human, pleads that, if this is done, the worthy Hold-the-Harvesters who are waiting in Land League huts will be permanently kept out. By all means. Until they are kept out, and their likes thereby dissuaded from following their example, no good will be done.

But the most unpleasant of all symptoms for the Nationalists is the revolt among the Roman Catholic clergy which is following the courageous pronouncement of Bishop O'DWYER, and the support which Bishop O'DWYER has received from Rome. The magnanimous Archbishop WALSH has departed, saying that this is no business of his, and it seems that his Northern colleague, Dr. LOGUE of Armagh, has not had the courage of his known opinions. As for Archbishop CROKE, he is too busy in subscribing to monuments for dead Fenians to express an opinion on the matter. But Bishop O'CALLAGHAN of Cork has declared against the Plan of Campaign in the very teeth of Mr. O'BRIEN, who is stumping the district, and the inferior clergy, after a perhaps rather too long subservience to the baser sort of Maynoothian, are apparently beginning to remember that they are Christians. A certain Canon FITZPATRICK is said to have torn down from his chapel doors the subscription list for the dead rebel whom Archbishop CROKE delights to honour. Father DUNNE of Enniscorthy, accused of "dining at the Castle," had the unheard-of impudence to say, "I did dine with Sir JOHN TALBOT, and God bless him!" This, however, is nothing to the astounding gravity of Canon HEGARTY of Glenmire, who actually calls Mr. SMITH-BARRY—Mr. SMITH-BARRY the twice accused—"so good a man"; and admits, to the curdling indignation of Mr. LANE, M.P., that the whole PONSONBY estate business has been a disgraceful contempt of good offers. Yet again, Father CANTWELL has courageously taken up his parable in Tipperary itself; has utterly condemned boycotting and all its works; and, while professing himself "favourable to the tenants' combination," has given a description of the terrorism prevailing which any Unionist could countersign. It is easy to say that these are isolated instances. They are isolated instances which have occurred at the rate of one a day, or thereabouts, during a very few days, and which a very short time ago did not occur at all. And they are instances which, in the nature of things, should grow and multiply. For it is impossible that an experienced political institution like the Roman Church should, whatever the self-seeking and the jealousy of the CROKES and the WALSHES and the MANNINGS may dictate in individual instances, continue to support the Nationalists. The whole power of that Church is derived from its being, as it says, the most authoritative exponent of Christianity. It claims the keys of the rewards and the punishments that Christianity speaks of. If the claim is abandoned, it will be both cheaper and simpler for DENIS and PATRICK to become Freethinkers at once and send the Supreme Being to keep company with the landlord. If the claim is to be maintained, it must at least be maintained with some decent show of agreement with the principles of Christianity. To those principles the National League, the Plan of Campaign, boycotting, rent-holding, cattle-maiming, and the rest of it, are diametrically opposed. The Church of Rome has gone pretty far in magnifying her office as key-keeper. But (whatever some silly Protestants may think or say) she has never maintained her power to cross out a Commandment or cancel a precept of CHRIST. The Nationalist movement in its practice is the simple negation of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, and those who base their claims to respect on being the chartered exponents of these documents know well enough that they will not long maintain that respect when the documents themselves are scouted.

MR. GLADSTONE IN STAR-LAND.

MR. GLADSTONE has been varying his earthly pilgrimages by a voyage among the stars, or, as he prefers to call it, a journey into "Star-Land." But why Star-Land? What have the celestial spaces to do with our terraqueous globe? We might as well talk of travelling through the ocean-earth, or the continent-sky. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, whatever the name to be given to the region he has visited, has been among the stellar heavens—not on the flying horse, nor in the huge balloon, which WORDSWORTH rejected; nor even in "the little boat, shaped like a crescent moon," on which that audacious impostor pretended to have made his sidereal voyage; from which he feigned to come back with the report that the towns in Saturn were decayed, that Mercury resounded with mirth, and that Jupiter was full of stately bowers, and, by consequence or contrast, inspired with the story of PETER BELL. Mr. GLADSTONE has no such wondrous tale to tell. He has been personally conducted, in the spirit and not in the body, by Sir ROBERT BALL, who has been taking a party of his young friends on a sidereal excursion. In other words, he has been reading that writer's *Star-Land*; or, *Talks with Young People about the Wonders of the Heavens*. The late M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was one-third child, one-third lunatic, and one-third man of genius—an analysis which we by no means accept as accurate, and which, if it were accurate so far as it went, would obviously be incomplete. Mr. GLADSTONE has displayed of late years characteristics which could not without great violence be resolved into any one, or compounded of all, these ingredients. Happily at present we have no concern with them. Mr. GLADSTONE is for the moment enrolled among Sir ROBERT BALL's young friends, and he sings to the *Lyra Innocentium* the nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are."

It is a remark as old as the Psalmist, and as new as Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, that the spectacle of the starry heavens impresses man with a feeling of insignificance. To Mr. GLADSTONE, if we are to take literally his letter of gratitude to Sir ROBERT BALL, it conveys the sense of a diminishing stock of brain-power and the need of bringing great subjects within the reach of feeble or sluggish minds. There was a time when he was interested in mathematics; he has an indistinct recollection of having been some sixty years ago a double-first at Oxford; but now he likes his astronomy made easy. His attitude is not wholly that of the learner. He has a practical suggestion to make. Before the matter is explained to us, it is difficult to conjecture what sort of connexion there can be between the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the heavenly bodies, between the Bank of England and Star-Land. There is no possibility of branch banks being established in Jupiter or Mercury, nor of a revenue being collected from them. PETER BELL's adventures by the River Swale, to whose primroses he was so indifferent, seem not more remote from his poet's preliminary canter through ether than Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden descent from Star-Land upon Threadneedle Street and Downing Street. Mr. GLADSTONE's journey through the immensities suggests to him that the letter *m* might be made more useful than it is at present. When he was for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, he found that the aforesaid letter *m* was used by the Treasury and the Bank of England as a convenient abbreviation for 1,000*l*. This idea falling upon the inventive mind of the great financier of the future was what the descending apple was to the generalization of NEWTON. If *m*, by itself *m*, stood for 1,000*l*, what was there to hinder *m* with a tail, of no elaborate construction, standing for a million? *Solvitur scribendo*. Mr. GLADSTONE equipped *m* with a tail. But, though his practical reform stopped here, his speculative daring overleaped these limits. If *m* represents 1,000*l*, and *m* with a tail a million, is this all that can be done? "I have gone a step further," Mr. GLADSTONE says, apparently awestricken by his own temerity, "and 'thought of *m* enclosed by a circle as equal to a thousand 'millions or a French milliard.' What a psychological moment! Mr. GLADSTONE, thinking of *m* enclosed by a circle as equal to a thousand millions, would be a good subject for an artist. Possibly it has been the subject of the unconscious artist who knew not what mood of mind he was depicting. In the most pensive of the portraits of him, that by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Mr. GLADSTONE may have been caught in this great meditation. There is an expres-

sion about it at once subdued and rapt which suggests entire possession by some elevating and tranquillizing conception.

Having descended from the skies to the Treasury and the Bank of England, Mr. GLADSTONE ascends from the Treasury and the Bank of England to the skies, bearing with him *m* surrounded by a circle. He has ambitious views for this device of his brain. Why should its career be confined to earth? There is too little for it to do here. Financial necessities rarely require the notation of so large a sum, though they might do so if Mr. GLADSTONE again became Chancellor of the Exchequer. But a larger scope may be found for it in the sidereal spaces. Audacity grows upon audacity. Going a step further than his original further step, Mr. GLADSTONE has thought of *m* with a circle, not as representing a poor thousand millions in money, but as representing a million millions in miles. He generously makes a present of this symbol to astronomers. Whether it will be of any use to them we do not know. They probably have their own methods of notation, which have answered their purpose up to this time. How *ms* with tails and *ms* surrounded by circles could be subjected to the operation of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and vexation we do not very clearly see. We have always pitied the scholastic youth of Rome who, in adding, say, 105 to 89, had to work with CV. and LXXXIX. How did they do it? The little bills of Roman tradesmen must have been very perplexing. Similar embarrassments might accompany the use of Mr. GLADSTONE's *ms*, tailed and tailless, free or enclosed in circles.

Whatever the worth of Mr. GLADSTONE's practical suggestions for the record of astronomical investigations by the methods of the Treasury and the Bank of England, they appear to us more valuable than his cosmical speculations. He thinks that "the teachers of the uniformity of nature sometimes press rather hard upon us, the 'common herd.'" How humble Mr. GLADSTONE can be when he is humble! Our moon does not revolve upon its axis, though it certainly used to do so; the moons of Uranus (Mr. GLADSTONE wishes it had been Ouranos) describe circular orbits, and those of Mars travel eastward. If the moons of Uranus now moved in circles and now in triangles or squares; if the moons of Mars varied their journeys eastward by occasionally taking a trip due west, Mr. GLADSTONE might hold that the doctrine of the uniformity of nature had been too stringently insisted on. If our moon, which used to revolve on its axis, had ceased, at Mr. GLADSTONE's JOSHUA-like injunction, to do so, and stood still in a new valley of Aijalon, the proof would be yet more conclusive. But we doubt the later or GLADSTONE miracle. Mr. GLADSTONE's ideas of the uniformity of nature seem those of a drill-sergeant rather than of a philosopher. He is familiar with the phrase of the One in the Many. He is also, no doubt, aware that among the idols of the tribe BACON gave a conspicuous place to the disposition of observers to see in nature a greater simplicity than she really possesses. HERSCHEL and MILL have insisted on her inexhaustible variety as strongly as upon her uniformity. The doctrine that the same cause acting under the same conditions will produce the same effects, is quite compatible with and has its consequence in the doctrine that the same cause acting under different conditions will have different effects. Therefore, whatever tricks our moon and the moons of Mars and Ouranos (to humour Mr. GLADSTONE—but, if Ouranos, why not ZEUS and ARES?) may seem to play, they are really quite orderly and law-abiding moons, and in their very variety illustrate the unity, which by no means implies the monotony, of nature.

THE END AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE Dock strike at Southampton has, as far as the dockers are concerned, ended satisfactorily. The men have been compelled to come back to work on the terms of the employers—that is, at the old rate of wages, and on the distinct understanding that the Union is not to be recognized as entitled to dictate the terms of labour in the docks. There have been some minor points which have been settled in the right way. It has been shown that the London Union cannot support a strike elsewhere; and this is a fact which will outweigh a good deal of eloquence from "the hero of labour." The men who tore their Union tickets up when the strike pay failed will possibly be somewhat more obtuse to stump oratory in

future. Another most pleasing incident was the candid remark of Mr. TILLET—that whole-souled and highly-strung young democrat, sung by the hoarse muse of Sir E. REED—the remark that, if soldiers and the Channel Squadron were to be allowed to spoil the fun, the “game was up.” Mr. TILLET suited the deed to the word, for he came right away to London with the promptitude of MEAGHER of the sword. It may possibly turn out to be not a minor matter that in this case one of the actual strike leaders has been arrested and charged with intimidation. We could wish that the particular case looked more promising than it yet does. Still, it is something that an apostle of freedom has been really laid by the heels, and is now held to bail till next Quarter Sessions. The display which the local authorities have made in the course of the struggle is not one of the features of it on which we reflect with pleasure. It is an ugly enough fact that the maintenance of order in an important seaport should be left at a crisis to members of the great unpaid, who seem to be too often not above the level of small tradesmen, and are capable of quarrelling in the lowest Vestry style. Reasons of decency must stand in the way of further criticism on the chief magistrate at present, and, indeed, we may acknowledge that he has been kept in countenance by Home Secretaries and Chief Commissioners of Police.

The most notable feature of the strike is that it has been a struggle, not for wages, but between the employers and the Union, between what the Australians are beginning to call free and unfree labour. The question of wages has appeared in it, but it was imported. It was to enforce the recognition of the Union that the struggle was begun, and it has been prolonged by a Union. This prolongation is even more characteristic than the original strike. The Seamen and Firemen struck—after the Lightermen model—from sympathy with the dockers. When the dockers yielded they stood out, partly for more wages, partly to enforce a demand that only Union men should be employed on ships sailing from Southampton. Of this double demand the first and the least important part has reference to the increase of wages. If, as the men allege, there is a brisk demand for seamen and firemen at other ports and at better wages than rule in Southampton, they are only acting on common business principles in insisting on a rise. That they should get it is a matter of course, nor is it easy to understand why a strike should have been found necessary to enforce a request which it was the manifest interest of the shipowners to grant. The demand made for the Union was a very different matter. The owners were thoroughly justified in resisting it by every means in their power, even by a general lock-out. A lock-out for sympathy is as feasible as a strike, and it is very rightly enforced when, as in the case of the *s.s. Moor*, a number of Unionists insist that a Company shall dismiss any old servant at their orders. It is very good hearing that the Company has been able to secure a fresh crew for the *Moor*, and to leave the Unionists to their reflections on the quay. The Union Company, the owners of the *Moor*, is fighting the battle of all the shipowners, and may fairly claim to be supported by them. The moment, too, is well chosen for a stand. The Executive Council of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union has just been so left to itself as to publish a laboured justification of its policy in limiting its numbers. What the Executive Council has to say is that it can only be sure of keeping wages up by establishing a monopoly at the expense of other workmen. The day is over when the object of a Union was to band all men in one trade together. Now the game is to secure for a limited number the control of the market, and to keep that control by free employment of those means on which the “hero of labour” dwells so complacently, and so prudently leaves subordinates to exercise. If the employers are wise, they will reprint that manifesto of the Executive Council, will cause it to be copiously illustrated in crude colours, with comment in large type, and will distribute it widely—free, gratis, and for nothing—at the offices which we hear they are about to open for the enlistment and registration of free labour.

THE NUT-URAL FOOD OF MAN.

WE have conceived some affection for EMMET DENSMORE, M.D., who, under a title which we have ventured only slightly to alter, has (with PEWTESS & Co., of London and New York) published a brief statement, *The Natural*

Food of Man, of the principal arguments against the use of bread. Not only will Dr. DENSMORE have it that man shall not live by bread alone, but he will not have him live by bread at all. Why bread should so long have secured an unhealthy immunity from criticism we do not know. Taking the distribution of foods at the bringing back of the ark, “a good piece of flesh and a loaf of bread and a flagon of wine” as a brief but handy summary of the subject, it will be observed that flesh and wine have had a most unfair time compared with this impostor bread. Hardly at any period have there been wanting Pythagoreans and anti-bacchics; but to begin a crusade against bread has been reserved for EMMET DENSMORE, M.D. Dr. DENSMORE is one of the most open-minded men we have ever met in print, and it is probably owing to this good quality that his vegetarian friends accuse him of “playing cards with both God and the Devil”—an exciting, but unusual, form of gamble. He seems to have experimented on himself, on his patients, and on Mrs. DENSMORE—a most amiable woman, we are sure—with a singular fearlessness. These experiments were not always happy. “One dear lady came to us a mountain of flesh and a confirmed ‘invalid.’” Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE were then personally brown-bread-and-fruitists; still they put the dear lady on beef and hot water, on which diet “the obesity was gone, and much of the infirmity with it.” Most people would have let well alone, but not Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE. “We then put her on brown bread and milk; her recovery continued, until she was esteemed by herself and ‘neighbours a marvellous cure.’” ‘Twas well; but ‘twas not enough for science. The eager pair substituted peas and beans for the milk. The result was that “she had considerable trouble,” was “taken down with severe inflammation,” and “never fully recovered.” This was the more annoying that her doctors had “confidently hoped each week “that she would be better next.” It was kind of them; yet a less speculative benevolence might have stuck or reverted to the regimen of the “marvellous cure.”

Still, this resolute expending of a dear lady in the cause of science shows that we have no triflers in Dr. and Mrs. DENSMORE. It is all the more interesting to know that they pronounce quite ruthlessly against the staff of vegetarian life, and with it against all cereals whatever, “Give us not this day our daily bread” is their prayer. By experiment on self and friends, dear ladies included, Dr. DENSMORE has come to the conclusion that you may batten on beef and hot water by no means with disadvantage; that you may even feed miscellaneously on fish, flesh, and fowl, provided you discard bread and substitute apples; but that the very ideal of diet is half a dozen eggs a day, cheese and milk at discretion, fruit, including figs and dates, almost at indiscretion, distilled water, and, above all, nuts. At the last Vegetarian Congress, we believe, Dr. DENSMORE vindicated Master Cob and Filbert his brother even more valiantly than in this pamphlet. It is evident that he would be with TITANIA against BOTTOM on the relative value of new nuts and dried peas. Monkeys eat nuts; primitive man pretty certainly ate nuts; they are rich in carbonaceous food; they are scarcely distinguishable from milk; they “outrank all other foods in gustatory pleasure” (this we fear is too apologetic, but with a proper allowance of port at intervals, it is true). Mr. BUCKLE says (but Mr. BUCKLE said a great many things) that an acre devoted to them will support sixty people; devoted to wheat will support but two or three. Nuts are eaten with no salt (in which case preserve us from them; we had as soon eat an egg saltless), and salt is poison. They are, in short, thoroughly nut-ural food. So Dr. DENSMORE, anticipating the time when “every man and woman will literally sit “under his own vine and figtree,” which, however, do not usually produce nuts. We wish we had room for all his authorities, but we can only admit Dr. ALANUS. Dr. ALANUS was a vegetarian till he found his arteries show signs of atheromatous degeneration. Naturally, he did not like this; who would? “I could not,” says he, “interpret “this symptom as a manifestation of old age, and being, “furthermore, not addicted to drinking, was utterly unable “to explain the matter.” The inference, that if the learned Doctor had been addicted to drinking he could have explained this or any matter, is very agreeable, and would have delighted Master FRANCIS. A for ALANUS, as B for BACBUC, evidently bids us *Trine* if we would be wise.

THE MCKINLEY BILL.

IT is possibly because we are so much accustomed to see our commerce repressed, as far as the legislation of our neighbours can repress it, that we have been so little stirred as yet by the MCKINLEY Bill. This remarkable measure has moved the French far more deeply than ourselves, though we do a greater business with the United States, and may possibly be greater sufferers by this remarkable proof of the wisdom of Democratic Governments. The Bill is an immense one, and has been amended, re-amended, and counter-amended to and fro. It is not yet quite done with; but, though difficult to know in detail, and not yet finally settled, the drift of it is clear enough, and we know substantially what it will be. Its two main features are these—it is to get rid of the troublesome surplus revenue of the Union, not by diminishing customs dues, but by preventing importation, which it will effect either by direct prohibition or by vexatious regulations. Then it is to provide the President with "trade powers" more than equivalent to the war powers invented for Mr. LINCOLN, in order that he may extort fair terms from other nations. Thus, if England, for instance, will not rescind the regulation which makes the slaughter of American cattle compulsory within ten days after landing, then the President shall have power to stop all English commerce with America at once, without consulting Ministry or Congress, of his own free will and mere motion. He has but to say and it is done.

This, it must be acknowledged, is a triumphant specimen of the kind of legislation attained to in a community in which the average trader and farmer are masters, in which all superiority, intellectual or social, is hated. As for the quarrel between America and France, it is rather comic than otherwise. The French Protectionists have made a great fuss about the trichinosis in American pork for years past, as an excuse for keeping it out, with intent to keep their own prices up. They find that the Americans are not so childlike as to put up with this manœuvre, but propose to retaliate by forbidding the import of French wines, and the whole-hearted Free-trader in England may rejoice therefor. The price of sound Medoc will go down for us; and, as for the broken heads *they* give one another, let them apply their own plasters. Besides, it is by the sufferings of fools that wisdom progresses in this world. The working of the Bill may be left aside for the moment. What interests us in it at present is its value as an example of Democratic legislation, and the proof it affords of the general intelligence of the inhabitants of the United States. Note for one thing that it is a compromise between the Western farmers and the Eastern manufacturers. The latter in return for fresh Protection help the former to endow the President with immense powers, which it is hoped will be used to compel all mankind to take American store cattle and pork on American terms. A promise is made that cattle and pork shall be inspected in the States before export (which, by the way, is a confession that inspection was needed), but it is to be wholly carried out by Americans, and if foreigners will not accept it as sufficient, they are to be punished by the exclusion of all their goods from the American market. The bargaining at Washington has been unblushing, and is a convincing proof that to the American of to-day all government is a mere matter of give and take between the pockets of different classes. Then, again, the Bill shows that the American of to-day is as sure that the world cannot get on without access to his market as the Southerners of thirty years ago were that England could not live without their cotton. They firmly believe that they have only to threaten exclusion and the foreigner must surrender. The access they propose to give him, too, is to be rigidly limited, and to be evermore strictly confined, but that little they believe to be necessary to his existence. The loss which their own country might suffer by the stoppage of trade is not considered, because each section of those who have made the MCKINLEY bargain is convinced that the others only will suffer. Democratic intelligence is not capable of grasping the elementary proposition that the ruin of one part of a community is a loss to the whole. Finally we may note the readiness with which Americans, in the hope that he may be used as a tool to further their interests, are prepared to endow the President with the powers of an absolute despot. Interesting light, again, is thrown on the value of Universal Suffrage and universal primary schools by the fact that, among the bargainers who have got the Bill through,

there is a large and growing party which is avowedly in favour of isolating America completely. Mr., or rather Major, MCKINLEY (it seems he is a Major) openly declares that America will be a paradise when all foreign trade is stopped. How this consummation is to be made consistent with that extension of the pork and cattle trade for which the Western farmer longs we do not know, neither does Major MCKINLEY; but then we do not expect the Democratic thinker to see or understand anything beyond the need for, and means of, gaining votes by appeals to ignorance. The delightful thing is that the end of American Democracy and enlightenment promises to be an adaptation of the good old policy of China dictated by breeders of Pork, and executed by a President made absolute for a term of years. That is to be the Government of all by all à l'Américaine.

PROPHECY ON PLOX-PLOX.

THE schools of the Prophets are very busy at present when

Even a child might understand
The Devil has business on his hand.

The Book of Daniel, though exploded by the Rev. ROBERT ELSMERE, is still carefully studied by seers; BENJEL is looked into, the mystic number 666 is inquired after, and Prince JEROME NAPOLEON, with General BOULANGER, is regarded as the Beast, the Little Horn, and all the rest of it. According to the author of *The Coming Napoleon* (Prophetic News Office), PLOX-PLOX is the Man, or rather the Beast, of the future; while the writer of a treatise adorned by a portrait of *le bras Général* and the mystic words *Kaïrap Kaïrap* also gives General BOULANGER "for a place." Events are likely enough to be startling between now and 1897; but we would willingly lay long odds, in assignments, or any other revolutionary currency, against the good things of these sportive prophets.

As far as we understand the vaticinator, it is all to begin by the formation of the ten Latin kingdoms (which, oddly enough, include England and Bulgaria) into a Confederacy. This will be no ordinary Confederacy, and will finally pass under the dominion of PLOX-PLOX, who is to bulge into power as a Little Horn, and as King of Syria. The Confederacy itself will be Red Republican, and we heartily congratulate Germany on being out of it, while the United States seems wholly unconcerned, except as lookers-on. The ten Kingdoms or Republics will have a State Church, and this is a sore text for Disenters of all denominations. Where is the use of being a Red Republic if you are still to have a State Church, and that the Church of Rome? Little comfort is to be gained from the prediction that the Holy Catholic Church will now be Communitic, the Cardinal and the Docker having, apparently, made a satisfactory and permanent alliance. Over this very remarkable congeries of States Prince NAPOLEON is to reign for three years and a half (August 15, 1897, to 1901), after which he is to be routed, apparently by the Chinese and the Lost Tribes, in the decisive battle of Armageddon. Prince NAPOLEON is to be particularly successful in reconciling hostile religions. Islam will regard him as "greater even than the Prophet himself," Jesuits and Ultramontans "will welcome him as the Mighty Crusader" (PLOX-PLOX a Crusader!), Socialists will for him forsake Mr. JONAS BURNS and Mr. MORRIS, Spiritualists will think him a "supernatural medium," and we trust that he will select MME. BLAVATSKY as his consort, and appoint the Secretaries of the Psychical Society to some exalted and remunerative posts about his Court. Even Rationalists (if any of them are left) and Atheists will accept him gladly; and, in short, for our parts, the sooner he comes the better we shall be pleased. A person so universally amiable and with such a talent for reconciliation is just the man we want. Only one thing makes us uneasy. Where is the part for Mr. GLADSTONE in all this? Cannot he be shown to figure as a Little Horn, or a Vial, or a Beast, or in some other Apocalyptic capacity?

But why, or how, the anxious inquirer may ask, are we to be sure that PLOX-PLOX is the man? Well; he is a NAPOLEON, and "a man of a fierce countenance," and "a vile person," and so he fits in with DANIEL's ideas, while the number 666 is to be found in his name, by aid of Apocalyptic arithmetic. Far be it from us to call the Prince "a vile person," especially if he really be of a countenance so fierce. It is only our author who remarks,

"The indispensable characteristics of being a Sovereign" (which he isn't) "of fierce countenance and a vile person" "... are remarkably manifest in Prince JEROME." So the case is clear, although the other prophetic gent finds 666 in the name of General BOULANGER. But perhaps the General is not sufficiently vile, or not of a countenance sufficiently fierce; and, on the whole, while keeping BOULANGER on the right side of their books, those who are counselled by us will entrust Prince JEROME with their money—of course with a start. How he is to get the start, in Syria of all places, does not now appear, even with the aid of a portrait of a ram, a prize ram with ten horns and a little one. The Jews are to begin sacrificing again, in the Temple at Jerusalem, on November 8, 1894, and then PLON-PLON will turn them out, and have his own statue erected in the holy place—an astonishing example of conceit. Catholics everywhere will rally round this queer pillar of the Church, but he will make war on "true Christians," including, we fear, the Salvation Army. Many members of these denominations will be pleased to hear that, on April 11, 1901, Prince NAPOLEON will be totally defeated, near Jerusalem, and the millennium will begin. It is a comfort, however, that all the trouble will be over in eleven years, after which Islam, Rome, Socialism, and everything else that is uncomfortable, will be kept in excellent order for a thousand years, beyond which period events are not in the sphere of practical politics. Probably nobody will be more surprised at the whole affair than the hero of it all, Prince NAPOLEON, who, as our Apocalyptic author frankly admits, "has scarcely given" any indication of the probability of his performing the "Twelve Future Acts, which must be accomplished by the coming NAPOLEON. The age of about sixty years is a "strangely late one for a man to begin to fulfil the destiny "of acquiring dominion over the whole world." It is indeed, and the very last page of a prophecy is a strangely late one for the first glimmer of a lucid interval. Indeed, as Prince NAPOLEON will be seventy in 1893, the faith of our seer begins to waver. But why should not the Prince prove a Grand Old Man? At seventy Mr. GLADSTONE had hardly begun to show what was in him, and he improves every day. Can it be possible that 666 is found in WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE?

THE WELSH TITHE AGITATION.

A MAN who for more than four years has been continuously engaged in recovering by distraint arrears of tithe rent-charge due to both lay and clerical tithe-owners, and whose operations have extended over the whole of North and South Wales, is worth listening to on the subject of his labours. Such a man is Mr. CHARLES STEVENS; and his experiences and opinions have been communicated to all concerned in a long letter to the *Times*. It is a plain, straightforward story, and we are particularly interested in it as once more confirming our own account of an insidious, cruel, and humiliating business. Not that the true character of the anti-tithe conspiracy in Wales can ever have been misunderstood by reasonable men fairly well informed. Courtesy in controversy is an extremely good thing, which on no account would we disparage; but it can be carried to a ridiculous and mischievous excess, as it is when we go upon a smooth assumption that men like Mr. GEE of the *Baner*, and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN of the House of Commons, are excused by ignorance of the facts when they defend the Anti-Tithe League, and account for it as they habitually do. Truth to tell, they cannot be ignorant of the facts; but here, again, is Mr. STEVENS apologizing for Mr. BAILHACHE's smart epistle against Dean OWEN, on the ground that, "if he had personally sifted the reason of the Welsh farmers refusing to pay tithe," he would have come to a different and more accurate opinion on the whole subject. "Even Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN," the polite observer adds, "shows that his practical acquaintance with the real views of the Welsh farmer is very limited." And if it had been his business to deal with the great little Mr. GEE, in a letter to the leading journal, no doubt Mr. STEVENS would have sweetened his criticism with courteous expressions of belief that the able Welsh editor is entirely misinformed as to the origin, working, and purpose of the anti-tithe agitation. It must be allowed that there are some persons in the principality who are imperfectly informed on the subject, such as the old gentleman of respectable appearance who

maintained, in conversation with a fellow-traveller the other day, that tithe is a tax imposed upon Welsh farmers by GEORGE III. in a fit of ill-humour. But as for Mr. GEE, Mr. BAILHACHE, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and the like, it is really too much to pretend that they do not know what tithe-rent charge is, why its evasion is preached, why its retention is practised, what the refusal of payment means to stores of ever-poor clergymen, who have to sell the books from their shelves, and the carpets from their floors, to get bread in consequence, and what becomes of the cash withheld. It won't do. Neither Mr. GEE, nor Mr. MORGAN, nor any such persons can be ignorant that tithe-debt is just as voluntarily incurred in the case of every tenant-farmer, just as obligatory in all respects as debt to the draper for goods ordered, delivered, and used; and therefore that combinations to avoid payment are nothing less than conspiracies to defraud. If they say that nevertheless they have come to the conclusion, after taking thought, that tithe-payment may be withheld, we deny their inability to comprehend that they put themselves in the same position that the prowler stands in who, after similar cogitation, steals the farmer's ducks. No doubt the duck-stealer has his own views of the eternal justice of things, and could make as much of them as Mr. BAILHACHE if he happened to possess that gentleman's gift of tongue. But even the uneducated tramp knows precisely what he is about when he descends to the pond; and it is impossible to imagine, and it is foolish to pretend, that barristers, squires, M.P.'s, and newspaper editors have less perception in so plain a case. If the farmers who refused to pay tithe placed the money in trust for some altruistic or purely national purpose, the rightful owners of it would still be robbed; but in that case Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN might possibly believe in honest and patriotic intention. But this is never done. The tithe-leaguer puts his tithe dues to the same use as the tramp puts the ducks. He appropriates them for his own personal benefit; and to suppose that Mr. MORGAN or any of the other champions of the great Welsh cause are unaware of the appropriation is palpably absurd. They know it well, and know it for what it is. Or, again, if the anti-Tithe Leaguer distinguished in his scheme of stealing; if he had but the grace attributed to ROBIN HOOD, and stole not their dues from lay proprietors, Radical tithe-owners, and school trustees, then our OSBORNE MORGANS might be credited with an uninvited belief that repugnance to sustaining an "alien Church" keeps the cash in the good man's pocket. But since the parsons are not robbed alone—since, to the knowledge of every anti-Tithe League preacher, laymen of all creeds are equally defrauded, not to speak of the dispensers of education and charity, there is no reason why the aforesaid belief should not be boldly denied. It is not merely erroneous or questionable, it is impossible. To put the matter plainly, the OSBORNE MORGANS know better, and it is trifling with a grave offence to make believe that they go astray unwittingly. Hatred of the Church has no doubt inspired all the more ardent agitators against the payment of tithe; they being Nonconformist ministers for the most part, as Mr. STEVENS tells us once again. And their object? "Their object was to bring about the Dis-establishment and Disendowment of the Church, and thus divert her power and revenues to their own purposes." To agitators so inspired others have been added from the ranks of mere politicians—men who see in the impoverishment and humiliation of the Church an advantage for Radicalism. True it is, too, that all, or nearly all, of the defaulting Welsh farmers are Dissenters, and most of them Gladstonians. Therefore they find an added pleasure, no doubt, in acting on the advice of the agitators; for Churchmen suffer by the withholding of tithe if the Church does not. But it is abundantly clear that these sufferings do not give a zest to a much more substantial enjoyment—the enjoyment of financial benefit. The great charm of the movement is that it enables the gallant little Welsh farmer to keep what does not belong to him, and to pass for a patriot and a man of conscience at the same time. "I am convinced," says Mr. STEVENS, "that the agitation, confined within the limits of the parties directly concerned—i.e. the tithepayers and tithe-owners (the interests of the professional agitator and the political aspirant being set aside)—is purely and simply a question of *l. s. d.* I feel confident that if the majority of farmers who plead that they do not pay because they disagree with the formula of the Established Church were compelled to devote the moneys they retain to their own chapels or to other purposes, the backbone

"of the agitation would be broken." That may seem a hazardous opinion; but Mr. STEVENS speaks with knowledge, and "the moneys retained" are certainly not devoted at present to the service of Dissenting chapels (many of which are heavily in debt) or to any pious purpose; and there can be no doubt by this time that Mr. STEVENS is substantially right. Then why will Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and his friends still talk of the anti-Tithe conspiracy as if it were supported by patriotic and conscientious motives alone? Some enthusiasm of a spuriously conscientious kind might have been kindled by the originators of the movement, and we may suppose that nothing less was their hope. Perhaps they dreamed that the tithe withheld would be devoted to the use of the chapels; or, if not, that it would be otherwise disposed of in a self-denying way, to the credit of the whole agitation. But the conspiracy has been in existence now for some years; and it has never yet put on the look of conscientious error, even for a day. These "shrewd" but disappointing Welsh farmers have been too shrewd to play their part aright. To the confusion of their friends and well-wishers, none of them have been at the pains or the cost of shamming a disinterested aversion to the payment of tithe. Apparently the only dissimulation about them is a half-concealed hope that a successful combination against one part of their rent may lead to similar good fortune in resisting payment of another portion. Is it not time, then, for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and other respectable Welsh Leaguers to acknowledge the facts, and give up a pretence of Puritan conscientiousness which has never received the least assistance from the Puritan farmer himself? Or, listening to a bewildered *amour propre*, will they still affect belief in the righteousness of a fraudulent combination too avid to put on the disguise provided for it? It must be an extremely disagreeable thing to do, to say the least; and what does it profit now?

A NOAH'S ARK.

UNLESS there is somebody on the *Diamond Field Advertiser* with a very pretty turn for inventing shaves, that region must lately have enjoyed an emotion of an acute kind. The escape of a savage beast from a menagerie is always a lively incident, but a whole menagerieful at large must be glorious indeed. At what particular spot the outburst took place the *Diamond Field Advertiser*, as quoted in the English papers, does not say; but it is a very good story. It is, to begin with, interesting to learn that the animals were let out by an enemy, which is, if not an actually new, at least a very rare, form of outrage. To let four lions out of their cage is a way of damaging the proprietor which not many men would have the nerve to adopt. The lions are so very likely to show a want of discrimination, and begin by eating up their liberator. In this case they ate up the keepers, with the exception of one who lived long enough to recount the scene. Then they fell upon the performing horses belonging to the circus, and consumed them with such clamour that they terrified their fellow-prisoner, the elephant, who burst the gate of the yard, and rushed into the street, followed by all the other animals, including the still unsatiated lions. Their exit was witnessed by a cabman—his name was NELSON, and he resided at Beaconsfield. With a courage worthy of his name, the cabman "drove down from Main Street to see "the animals rush out." He likened the scene, which he witnessed from a pole, to "the exit from Noah's Ark. An elephant came first, and a few seconds afterwards tumbled out a confused mob of lions, wolves, hyenas, baboons, leopards, cheetahs, and jackals." NELSON shinned up a post and got into a first-floor window, whence he observed at leisure the wolves and lions fall upon his horses "with the instinct of their race." The whole clamjamfry went off down Main Street at a gallop.

This is the story as told by the *Diamond Field Advertiser*, and it presents a stirring picture. It is as superior to the common reality of life as an artistic representation thereof ought to be. The sober fact of the escape of animals from menageries ordinarily is that they are too terrified to attack man or beast. The lioness whose escape is recounted at an early period in the memoirs of Mr. PETER SIMPLE was as much frightened as the spectators, and a great deal more frightened than O'BRIEN, who dragged her ignominiously back in a net borrowed from "the carts" which had brought calves to the fair." That is gener-

ally the history of the escape of animals from a cage. The old gentleman who met a lion in Piccadilly, and did nothing more remarkable than call a hackney-coach to avoid it, was doubtless, like O'BRIEN, "a very brave fellow," but he was also a sensible man. A beast which has been caged is almost always so stiff and weak from confinement and under-feeding that it is completely cowed by its own freedom. A resolute man of good physical strength who takes it by the scruff of its neck can generally drag it back with no great difficulty. The adventure might be dangerous for a weak man whose nerves failed him in the middle of the struggle. It is said that the tamer BIDELE, who was, to be sure, a man of immense strength, of the thick-set French build, once carried a runaway tiger on his back, and back to back, for an appreciable part of a mile. The story was perhaps larger than life, but it had a foundation. In Africa in their native clime beasts may not be so easily tamed—though, after all, some Africans do lead lions about with strings. Or, again, it is possible that these things are an allegory, written by an observing South African who has had his eye on the strikes. They would lend themselves to the purpose admirably. The sinner who opened the cages is the type of the democratic politician; the beasts are the Unions; the keepers who were torn to pieces the employers; and Mr. NELSON, of Beaconsfield, who came to see "the animals rush out" stands for the sympathetic public which looked on at the Dock strike, and has since seen occasion to shin up posts in some trepidation.

MR. PETRIE'S EXHIBITION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Petrie's Exhibition at Oxford Mansion lacks this year some of the elements of popularity it has enjoyed in former years, it is of high scientific value. The remote period—at least 2,000 B.C.—to which a great part of the collection must be assigned is in itself interesting and important. That we should see implements, even children's toys and women's necklaces, four thousand years old, things made before the time of Abraham, is wonderful enough; and though objects of art are rare, objects of domestic use, coupled with what we know of the life of the people of those times from the fast perishing paintings of Beni Hassan, and the scantier but better preserved tombs of Assouan, enable us to form a very real idea of the dwellers in the Nile Valley under the rule of the Twelfth Dynasty. A time of disaster and dismay had passed by. The wild tribes of the Desert, who had dominated the cities and harried the country, had been driven out, and the people looked to the Amenemhats and the Usertasens to bring them peace, to punish the wrongdoer, and to capture the marauder, and even attributed to their king power to make the land fruitful and the Nile abundant. A papyrus, one of the very few of that age extant, which is hung on the wall of one of the rooms, gives us the text of an address or petition—not, as it is wrongly labelled, "a hymn"—to Usertasen III., asking for these gifts. We cannot doubt, from the inscriptions of that dynasty which have been copied at Siout and other places, that these blessings were widespread until some five or six kings of the family had reigned, when, under the next, the thirteenth, dynasty, a period of incalculable length ensued, when the barbarians broke in once more, and for centuries peace and plenty were strangers in the land of Ham.

Mr. Petrie has found some curious fragments of domestic buildings. These, which chiefly consist of wooden columns, show that the rock-cut tombs with their "proto-Doric" pillars were imitated from the actual houses of the time. This is a matter of considerable importance. He exhibits part of an octagonal column of wood, about a foot in diameter, found in position on a stone base. Above it is part of a palm-shaped capital, from another house. Other columns, more or less perfect, are also exhibited, and leave no doubt as to the architectural taste of the time, being, as the catalogue points out, the first objects of the kind ever found. Mr. Petrie is always great on pottery. This year he has made a curious discovery in ceramics. It seems that some of the fragments found "in various parts of the Twelfth Dynasty town Kahun," are never found elsewhere—as, for example, in the neighbouring Eighteenth Dynasty Gurob—and that these fragments are of foreign origin, and similar to the earliest specimens from the islands of the Aegean. Here is fine food for speculation. Were the workpeople employed in making the great dam of the Labyrinth Greek captives? In what Mr. Petrie denominates a Phœnician pot he found a papyrus dated in the 33rd year of Amenemhat III., and a scarab of the same king. Further food for speculation is offered by "a box with legs, within which a baby was found." At Gurob Mr. Petrie had already dug up pottery of the Mykenan character, and dates it about 1400 B.C., which answers well to the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty; but now he has "painted pottery found in and under the rubbish heaps of the Twelfth Dynasty." "So it is now," he remarks, "an open question whether there was not a

civilization on the Ægean two thousand years before the flourishing age of Greek art."

Among the miscellaneous curiosities is a wooden stamp bearing the name of Apepi, a so-called Hyksos king, about whom it would be satisfactory to know more. He may well have been Joseph's Pharaoh. Another item is "a flint knife with binding on the handle." There is also a sickle made of wood, to the inner or cutting edge of which a row of sharpened flints is cemented. This use of stone implements for other than sacrificial purposes shows the great antiquity of these discoveries, which is also proved by the number of fire-sticks found. The people who habitually cut their corn with flints and lighted fires by rubbing must, however highly civilized in writing and manners, have lived very long ago, and themselves looked back to a very ancient origin. In this Twelfth-Dynasty room, also, we may see a sort of earthenware cage. Mr. Petrie reasonably conjectures that this was used for setting eggs to be hatched into an oven; but, if so, how is it that we find no fowl in the pictures and inscriptions of the period? Mr. Johnston, we remember, founded an argument as to the age of an African tribe on the presence or absence of words denoting "chickens," and certainly no such words existed in the vocabulary of the people of the Twelfth Dynasty. One thing, however, did exist—personal vanity is vouched for by a beautiful bronze mirror, the handle of which Mr. Petrie considers the earliest example of the head of Athor. In the other rooms are numerous beautiful and still more numerous interesting objects, including mummy cases, pottery painted with birds and a butterfly, specimens of tin and hematite, scarabs with rare names, tubular vases in coloured glass, and, above all, some very curious carvings of the time of that mysterious monarch, Khuen-Aten, who seems by this evidence to have reigned in the Fayoom as well as in Upper Egypt.

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER WRONGS.

THE reform of the Hindu marriage law, which Mr. Behramjee Malabari has with such energy and persistence for some years past urged on the Indian authorities, and for which he has been of late agitating in this country, is an excellent instance of the problems involved in the government of an Eastern dependency by rulers pledged, as the English in India are, to do all that statecraft can effect for the happiness and moral welfare of the inhabitants. There is, it is to be feared, little room for doubting that the evils against which Mr. Malabari protests are very real and very serious. When every allowance is made for the exaggeration of partisans and enthusiasts, there is a solid residuum of fact, attested by unimpeachable evidence, which it is impossible for any humane person to contemplate with indifference. The Hindu woman has been the victim of a series of historical misadventures. She has fallen from a high estate. In the happy Aryan days she was all that the boldest champion of women's rights could wish—influential, respected, free. Traces of this cheerful epoch remain in the high position which the widow still occupies in families where there is no son; in such cases she represents the estate, and is, for her lifetime, complete mistress of the position. This happy state of things was in course of time impaired by a succession of prejudicial influences. The instinctive desire of all early communities to guard against extinction and to strengthen themselves by increased numbers found expression in the religious obligation of every father to provide, at the earliest possible moment, a son who could efficiently perform his sacrificial rites. No man's future salvation was assured till this indispensable duty had been accomplished. To the same sentiment must be traced the paternal obligation to find a husband for the marriageable daughter before the period at which she would become capable of the duties of maternity. "There seems to be no doubt," writes one of the authorities whom the Government consulted on the subject, "that, if a Hindu omits to give his daughter in marriage before the age of puberty, he brings damnation upon three generations of ancestors." Such a state of public opinion resulted naturally in the prudent practice of guarding effectually, while yet there was time for leisurely arrangements, against a contingency fraught with degradation and misery alike to the child and its family. The restrictions of caste rendered marriage no easy matter, and an anxious parent would be oppressed with anxiety till the child's marriage was assured. It has been suggested, too, that in the many rough periods through which India has passed—invasions, for instance, of which one feature was the carrying away of all the virgins of the invaded country—some safety may have been derived from the status of a married woman. At any rate, the child had another family besides her own, to which she belonged, and from which she could claim support and protection. Upon this state of things supervened that strange wave of hatred and contempt for women which forms so striking a feature of the Brahminical supremacy. Partly owing to a spirit of asceticism, partly to the desire of the Brahmin to suppress a person who interfered inconveniently with his domestic ascendancy, the misogynist influence took firm hold of Hindu religion. The sacred texts teem with denunciations of woman's vileness, feebleness and perfidy, and with prescriptions for keeping so dangerous an animal in the necessary subjection. The widow was, if possible, to be burnt; in other cases to be relegated to a life of penitential suffering and degradation. These austere

requirements form a part—a very living part—of the Hindu law now in force, and, subject to various modifying influences, shape the careers of many millions of women. It is obvious that, throughout the whole system, the wishes and predilections of the parties are altogether subordinated to more imperative considerations. If a man's eternal happiness depends on his having a son to celebrate his obsequies—if a girl's honour and that of her family depend on her having a husband before she ceases to be a girl, there is no room for such minor details as the personal tastes of the parties principally concerned. Indeed, they cannot, at the time when marriage takes place, be said to have any taste in the matter; the father is only acting a good parent's part in guarding his unconscious offspring from future unhappiness. Such a state of things lends itself easily to oppression and cruelty. The child-bride, when she first goes to live with her new relations, proves sometimes a troublesome inmate, and suffers under the traditional severities of a relentless mother-in-law. Dreadful cases of cruelty practised on these young creatures crop up, from time to time, in the Indian Courts, and give a shocking idea of what the domestic life of a Hindu woman may be. In the case of the young widow, as the law prescribes isolation, privation and humiliation as her proper doom, it is easy to understand how harsh and unsympathetic relations are likely to behave to her. Even now the tale of the Hindu woman's misfortunes is incomplete; for, to crown all, the British law comes to the aid of her oppressors, and supplies the rigid and effectual procedure of the civil Courts for the enforcement of the husband's rights, and, by a form of action previously unknown to Indian law, compels the wife to the performance of her conjugal duties, however distasteful.

This state of things is naturally felt by educated Hindu women to belong to an epoch of barbarism, from which they have, as members of a civilized community, a good claim to be relieved. The imposing array of names of high European officials and of native gentlemen of influence and position, who give their general support to Mr. Malabari's cause shows that this feeling is not confined to educated Hindu women, but is entertained by thoughtful and sensible people in every class and in every part of the country. The Government of India is as far as possible from regarding the subject with indifference. Six years ago Mr. Malabari laid a formal expression of his opinions before the Government, together with certain specific suggestions of reform of a legislative or executive character, by which the cause which he has so much at heart might be advanced. The Government of India at once put in force the powerful machinery which it habitually employs for the ascertainment of the views of the public, and in course of time found itself in possession of a huge mass of opinions, emanating from local administrations, public bodies, native associations of every order, and a large number of individuals conspicuous for learning, influence, experience of native usages, and insight into native sentiment. A more weighty and important State document than the volume, in which their opinions are collected, it would be impossible to imagine. No subject could be more thoroughly thrashed out, or more exhaustively treated from every possible point of view. The Government of India put its imprimatur on the almost unanimous conclusion of those whom it had consulted, in recording its opinion that the reforms urged by Mr. Malabari were wholly inadmissible, and that, much as the results of some portions of the Hindu Marriage-law were to be regretted, the state of public opinion did not warrant any legislative or executive interference on the part of the ruling power. Any such interference, there was a general consensus of opinion, would be likely to do more harm than good to the interests of the class concerned, and to involve public inconvenience and danger of the gravest order.

It is a significant circumstance that several of the reforms originally urged by Mr. Malabari have disappeared from his programme, and that several others have been substituted, which he now asks the Government to adopt, and the English public to urge on the Government. Before discussing their value, however, it is desirable to consider the main ground on which the Government on the former occasion declined to interfere, which was not so much that the particular reforms would be useless or mischievous, as that no case was made out for the interference of the State in a matter so immediately affecting the domestic habits of the people. By far the larger portion of the area in dispute is covered, not by law, but by custom; and this custom has grown up in obedience to existing wants, wishes, and beliefs, and would presently decay if those sentiments became less powerful. Any external interference, accordingly, would come into direct collision with feelings of which we know nothing, which we are perfectly unable to understand, and the force of which we cannot appreciate. A very short perusal of the recorded opinions suffices to show how tremendous might be the danger of any such collision. The Madras Government, for instance, mentions the opinion of the President of the Hindu Sabha or Assembly—who, it appears, is himself a reformer—that "it would be a clear and unwarrantable violation of Her Majesty's Proclamation to bring official influence to bear upon the religious beliefs and practices of the people, and particularly upon the institution of marriage, which is one of the most, if not the most, sacred sacraments of any creed or Church"; and the Chief Justice of Travancore asserts that the orthodox element, which would oppose any such interference, represents ninety-nine per cent. out of the native community—an estimate in which the Madras Government concurs. In the reply from the Government of the North-

Western Provinces, Sir A. Lyall gives an exposition of the state of the case in Upper India, which places the difficulties of any attempted reform in a striking light, and shows how exaggerated a view reformers such as Mr. Malabari are apt to take. He estimates, in the first place, that the custom of prohibiting the re-marriage of widows is observed only by a fourth of the Hindu population of those provinces—ten millions out of forty millions—and that the percentage of Hindu widows is so slightly in excess of that of Mohammedan widows as to indicate that even in this fourth the rule is not observed with unvarying strictness. Comparing the Indian figures with those of England, he finds that in England out of every hundred women of twenty years and upwards 25·80 per cent. are single, 60 per cent. are married, and 13·60 are widows. In India there are, practically, no unmarried women, 69·64 per cent. are married, and 29·55 are widows. These figures seem to show that the advantage is not altogether on the side of the Englishwoman. Every Indian woman gets married, and so escapes the isolation, defencelessness and other disadvantages of unmarried life, to which twenty-five per cent. of Englishwomen have to submit. The conclusion would seem to be, as Sir A. Lyall points out, not that the Indian marriage law stands exceptionally in need of drastic and immediate reform, but that “the position of women everywhere is imperfect and often very unsatisfactory.”

It is hardly likely, we should fear, that the Government of India will be disposed to reopen a question which has been so recently considered, and as to which a practically unanimous opinion was expressed in opposition to any external interference. Of the reforms now advocated by Mr. Malabari some seem to us, we confess, to be of questionable utility. He is anxious, for instance, to alter the date at which a girl's consent to the loss of her chastity can affect the legal aspect of the offence. The date, now fixed by law, may, probably, be earlier than it need be; but does Mr. Malabari really believe that a great social change is to be effected by petty alterations such as this? Others of his proposals are changes in the existing custom, which go to the root of the matter, and which, if officially introduced, would place the Government in the position of a social revolutionist. To enable a girl, at any time after twelve years of age and before consummation, to repudiate her marriage is, of course, one of those summary remedies which cut the Gordian knot effectually, but involve a complete subversion of society. Is the girl to have this power and not the boy? and if the boy can repudiate, what would be the girl's status, and how would her parents' anxieties about her be allayed? It must be remembered that what the Government is asked to do is not to emancipate individuals or classes from a distasteful law, but to enable them to remain members of the Hindu community and religion, and at the same time to disregard rules which the vastly preponderating majority of its professors regard as of especial sanctity. The Hindu religion is, on the whole, a consolatory and beneficent institution to many millions of persons who accept its dogma with unquestioning faith, and live in peace under its protection. It is one thing to say, as the Indian Government does, that any one who will is free to come out of it, and to adopt what personal law he pleases without incurring the penalties of forfeiture and civil degradation. It is another and a much more dangerous thing for an alien and unsympathetic Power to attempt to modify those parts of the system which it happens to disapprove, or which particular classes of its subjects, numerically inappreciable, regard as objectionable. No reasonable Legislature will place itself in direct antagonism to social opinion, and it is by wholesome changes in social opinion that reforms can be effected and the door opened to legislation which may confirm and assist, but can never originate. “Any real improvement,” says Sir Alfred Lyall, “must await the impulse of a widespread desire for a social change. State interference could at present do little good, and would almost inevitably be misunderstood by the bulk of the people.” Mr. Malabari and his coadjutors are not without encouraging symptoms of a growing sympathy in India with their opinions. Every year's progress in education will strengthen their hands. Every educated Hindu woman—and the class is becoming considerable—is necessarily their ally. Mr. Malabari's recent agitation in this country will do good in assuring Indian reformers how deep and general is the sympathy felt for them in England. Indian customs are malleable, and yield at the first touch of real public sentiment. The customs affecting marriage will yield, like the rest, when society desires it; but till that desire becomes far more general and outspoken than it is at present, the interference of the State could only intensify opposition, kindle alarm, and impede the final achievement of a great and beneficent reform.

CREEDS AND COURAGE.

WE have been brought to recognize, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, when we come to encounter foes of different races and religion, that there is something men still value more than life or safety. No one can have read the accounts of the campaigns in the Soudan (which threaten, by the way, to become annual performances) without a throb of admiration for the self-sacrifice and courage displayed by our opponents, and a twinge of sorrow at the slaughter these qualities have necessitated. In defiance of all rules and regulations, all percentages of loss, all experience, their advances urged on and

their reckless bravery has swept away our boasted attack formations, and compelled us, in spite of the possession of a breech-loading rifle, to seek safety in the square, perhaps the most primitive formation known in the annals of war. The moral force that may support an army, be it derived from *esprit de corps*, from prestige, or fanaticism, has always been reckoned a factor of as much importance on the battlefield as the muster-roll. Wellington estimated the presence of Napoleon at 40,000 men. His own “long nose” was worth 10,000 men to us any day,” according to one who fought with him in the Peninsula, and wrote about it afterwards. Religious fervour counterbalanced many a troop during the Civil Wars, and it was Cromwell who bade his men trust in God as they crossed a river into action, though he somewhat cynically reminded them to likewise keep their powder dry. What but the magic of the name would have stirred the clans to have sacrificed themselves in the lost cause of the Stuarts? or how may we materially measure the power that patriotism conferred on the defenders of Saragossa? Yet, bright as are the pages that are lighted by the glow of religion or patriotism, or the duller glare of the mere lust of conquest, we read of nothing so striking or magnificent as the utter contempt for death or suffering displayed by the followers of the Prophet. The Christian faith, with its messages of comfort, lacks the direct incentives to battle with which the Koran abounds. Humility and forbearance are by it esteemed rather than valour, in however good a cause, and there is not the same definiteness in the promises which speak of rewards for the faithful. The rough uneducated soldier is sometimes unequal to appreciating the true worth of the prospect held out to him, and would be often more moved by something more highly coloured and tangible. It is in this respect that the Koran is so peculiarly well adapted for its purpose, and it is because of this that Islam forms the soldier's religion *par excellence*. In the Mohammedan Bible we find no ambiguity nor euphemisms. War against the Giauour is there unmistakably indicated as the noblest object in life, and a death on the battlefield will cover years of crime. The devotion displayed by the Arabs during the earlier of our battles round Suakin has never been surpassed in the annals of war. To meet death appeared to be what most desired, and the certainty of speedily finding it under the fire of modern rifles seemed to encourage them to come on rather than otherwise. Many of the assailants of our squares were old white-haired men, long past the age when they could hope to do effective service in the field. Some, on the other hand, were children of tender years, and they advanced encouraged by their parents as if to mimic warfare waving toy spears and childish swords and darts. The highest good fortune that could fall to their share was a passport to paradise from a Martini bullet; and for their courage and intrepidity their religious training was directly responsible. Nor when we examine the teaching of the Koran need we feel surprise.

A German authority has recently pointed out that a good twenty of its chapters treat entirely of war, and the duty of the soldier, while about two-thirds of every other chapter contains some reference to it, or quotes warlike proverbs and maxims. The idea, in fact, which pervades the whole work is the exaltation of soldierly virtues and praise of manly qualities. Such words as the following are sufficiently direct in their teaching:—“Believe in God and His messenger, and fight regardless of your blood and property for His religion.” “Rouse, O Prophet, the faithful to battle”; “Make war on the unbelievers who dwell in your neighbourhood, and let them feel the full measure of your strength.” And in another passage the faithful are exhorted not to cease from harassing the infidels till the whole world has accepted the true belief. While our Bible promises comfort in affliction and misery, it is to domestic sorrows or misfortunes in business matters that reference is more particularly made; but in the Koran consolation is offered especially in reference to disasters in war, and it is evidently presupposed that the keenest affliction will be an unsuccessful enterprise. The highest evidence likewise of the grace and mercy of God is displayed in a defeat averted, when matters seemed hopeless, or in a victory secured against overwhelming odds.

“Verily if ye believe in God, and behave with patience, He will send five thousand angels to your assistance should your foe suddenly attack you. God sends you these glad tidings that your hearts should learn to trust in Him.” Likewise they are also reminded that “God's help ensures victory.” The doctrine of fatalism is also one comfortable to the soldier, and has ever found favour in the ranks. “Every bullet has its billet,” in the philosophy of the barrack-room, even with us; but the Mohammedan is expressly taught so by his religion, and the utter hopelessness of endeavouring to evade the hand of destiny is magnified into one of the principles of his faith. “No one dies except by the will of God, according as is determined in the book which contains the appointed time for all things.” “I am of myself quite unable to secure any advantage for myself, or on the other to ward off any misfortune, except so far as it pleases God.” “Nothing happens to us but as has been arranged beforehand by God.”

Other passages may be quoted which are so explicit in regard to the fight that they almost read like extracts from some ancient book on tactics. “Stand firmly shoulder to shoulder, and make no attack until the order for it is given you.” “Collect your forces together, and do not open the ranks [do not begin the battle] until the whole number of you are present.” “When you come in contact with the unbelievers, go on smiting of

their heads till you have inflicted a crushing defeat; then take the remainder prisoners, and keep them in chains till the war is over." Nor need the followers of the Prophet be scrupulous as to means. All is fair with them in war, if not in love. "Combat your foe by whatever means are possible, and kill him in any way you please." From the Koran, too, several passages may be quoted which brand cowardice with infamy, and misbehaviour in the presence of the enemy is accounted by it one of the most heinous offences. Thus we read, "Be ashamed to flee in battle, for to run away is the most infamous disgrace." And the following is an even stronger admonition:—"Even should the infidels fall on you in swarms, you must never turn your backs to them; for whose turns his back to them on that day, be it that he is drawn back by the surges of the fight, or that he wishes to fall back on another section of his own line, on him will fall the wrath of God, and Hell shall be his abode." And if the punishment for cowardice be thus severe, the reward of the faithful soldier is correspondingly magnificent. His conduct will in no wise be forgotten. "He who fights for God's religion, be he victorious or should he perish, will receive a rich recompense." "He who dies in battle, dies absolved of sin; on the day of judgment his wounds will gleam like purple, and will be odorous as musk." "Do not say of those who have perished for God's religion that they are dead, but rather speak of them as living." Some of the Prophet's maxims make direct reference to military service. "Learn to ride, to fight, and to swim," is one of them. And another tells us that Paradise is to be found under the shadow of the sword. Imbued from childhood with such sentiments, and trained both by tradition and religion to be soldiers, it is not to be wondered at if all those races which are of Mohammedan origin or faith have proved the toughest of antagonists, and may be turned into almost ideal soldiers. We have in India formerly, more recently in the Soudan, had bitter experience of the valour such education may produce, while the Russians can bear testimony to the pluck and endurance of the Moslem. The history of their advance in Central Asia, when they met the pure and unadulterated spirit of the faith in its pristine vigour, adds another instance of the bravery and disregard of death which characterize the believers in the creed of Islam. The story of the siege and capture of Geok Tepe will ever bear eloquent testimony to the magnificent self-sacrifice of the brave Turcomans, and the merciless massacre decreed by Skobelev is a measure of the trouble they had given their conquerors. Men who drink nothing but water, who are satisfied with a frugal meal of grain once a day, who are by instinct and tradition warriors, and who regard all other callings with contempt, form surely the stuff of which armies should be made. When we further consider the enormous moral force and lever supplied by their religious tenets and the utterances of their holy men, one may well regret that the corruption or stupidity of their commanders is all that has ever come between victory and those whom military leaders, from Prince Eugene to Valentine Baker, have united in calling born soldiers. If the paradise Islam offers to its votaries be sensual and intensely earthly, its attractions appeal all the more directly to the imagination of the uneducated denizens of the camp; and if the colours they are painted in be crude and glaring, they are, after all, what the lower orders of humanity prefer. The brass bands and music-hall tunes of the Salvation Army in our own country are effective, in like manner, in drawing crowds after them that cannot be roused to attend a simple service. The purer aspirations of a colder creed, while they satisfy the highest instincts, often fail to impress coarser natures, to whom death in action appears to open an easier path to paradise than a life of humility and self-sacrifice.

LISBON.

ROUNDING the Rock of Lisbon, the westernmost point of Europe, the voyager enters the noble estuary of the Tagus. Some ten miles inland from the sea, on the northern bank, stands Lisbon. On our left hand is the Bay of Cascaes, with its ancient castle, generally occupied by the Royal Family of Portugal during the summer bathing season. On the landward side parks and scattered villas stretch away into the distance. The bay is the gathering-place of the Royal regattas, but is stormy and unsheltered. Volcanic rocks crop out of the sterile soil at every turn, and the Portuguese say, in allusion to the somewhat desolate and dreary prospect, *Quem vai a Cascaes vai uma vez e nunca mais*—"Who goes to Cascaes goes once, but never again." Cintra soon comes in view to the north, with its rocky eminences, crowned by the old Moorish castle and the Cork Convent: the latter so called from its corridors lined with cork. Cintra is abandoned and desolate, only visited by occasional stray tourists. Pena Castle, the former residence of the Saxe-Coburg Dom Fernando, father of the late King Dom Luis, stands boldly on a rocky height. Hard by is the old summer palace of Dom John I., whose queen was the daughter of John of Gaunt; built in Moorish style, with pateras, courtyards, balconies, baths, and gardens. The Throne-room is remarkable for its ceiling, adorned with painted magpies, each with the legend "Para bem" in its beak. This was Dom John's revenge on his gossiping courtiers for their merry use of these two words of excuse, which the King had been overheard whispering in the ears of the angry Queen.

This palpable hint about chattering magpies stopped for good—"para bem"—the wagging tongues of the discomfited courtiers. Cintra, with its towering volcanic rocks, its groves, and lovely prospects over sea and land, is a favourite summer resort of the wealthier merchants of Lisbon, who have their modern villas nestling among its rocks and groves. Montserrat, that costly folly of the magnificent Beckford, who squandered a fortune in its construction, now gives its title of Viscount to an English merchant. Approaching Lisbon by a charming succession of orange groves, olive groves, vineyards and gardens, broken and rocky heights rising from the green, and mansions embowered in verdure, Quintas is seen in the distance, and at Belem Castle—(Bedlam, Bethlehem)—a diminutive and unique specimen of Moorish architecture. The Portuguese Customs officers hail and board our passing vessel. At high water the little castle is washed on every side by the Tagus. The silting of the river-bed is rapid and incessant, and the channel is constantly changing by the shifting of the mud and sand banks. The southern bank of the river presents quite a different aspect to the rocky northern shore. Here, towards the mouth of the Tagus, the land is low and uninhabited, save by a few fishermen. As we approach Lisbon, however, the rocks begin to crop up again, and on the last rocky point on that shore stands the Lazaretto, where quarantine must be done whenever Government officials can find or invent an excuse for that extortion. Voyagers who are unfortunate enough to find themselves prisoners at this spot have perforce to patronize the only "Restaurant" in the place. The enterprising Lisbon merchant who farms this monopoly pays the Government an annual sum of 2,000*l.* for the privilege.

The Portuguese (who live in their past) please themselves by relating the legend of Ulysses, who landed, they say, at the little island of Troya, at the entrance to Setubal Bay, and finding that small island too confined for his purpose, sailed again northwards, and founded Lisbon on its seven hills, to which city he gave the name of Ulyssippo, hence the modern name Lisbon. The city, as seen from the river, has an exceedingly picturesque appearance, its broken tiers of houses rising from the shore against the background of hills which shut off the city from the level country inland. The Portuguese are proud of their capital, and use the proverb, *Quem não ha vista Lisboa, não ha vista cousa boa*—"Who has never seen Lisbon has missed seeing a good thing." But when one has landed and explored the streets, both of the lower and the upper town, which are neither clean nor imposing, and made a nearer acquaintance with the houses of Lisbon, which are neither clean nor comfortable, one is inclined to the opinion that the Portuguese idea of a good thing is somewhat behind the more modern and advanced idea.

The lower town of Lisbon, which was a congeries of crooked and narrow lanes, with castellated piles at every corner, whence the owners, the Portuguese nobility, used to emerge for frequent brawls and faction fights, was entirely destroyed in the earthquake of 1755. The great Marquis de Pombal, who was Prime Minister at the time, used the opportunity to remodel the city, and made, for that age, an excellent use of his opportunity. Commencing at the Royal Landing Place, he first laid out the Black Horse Square facing the river. Round two of its sides, north and west, he built the offices of the Ministers of State, and on the eastern side he raised the enormous pile of the Custom-house. He then proceeded to lay out his new streets in parallel lines running north from the river, and crossed by others at right angles. Black Horse Square, where Wellington landed with the English troops, occupies the site of the old Esplanade and Royal Palace, the whole block of which, during the earthquake, was carried bodily away by an immense tidal wave. Many hundreds of the inhabitants of Lisbon had fled to this spot for safety, and were swept away to destruction with the ground on which they stood. In Dom Pedro Square, north of Black Horse Square, stands the old building of the Inquisition, now the theatre of Donna Maria II. Beyond, the new Avenue of Liberty, the fashionable promenade of Lisbon, stretches its shadeless, scorching, and dusty vista. During most hours of the day the glaring Avenue is a place to be shunned. The old, or eastern, part of the town, round the old Castle of St. George, was spared by the earthquake, and remains now much as it was then, only more squalid and decayed than ever.

The scare of that terrible earthquake still lingers in the minds of the Lisbonenses. They build their houses with a framework of intersecting and interlacing beams and piles, and then fill in the frame with rubble, stone, and mortar, and face with cement. The roofs are of wood, covered with red tiles. In the grim, prison-like appearance of their lofty houses one sees nothing of the light and graceful style of architecture which is common in the South of Portugal.

On the hills between Belem and Lisbon lies the picturesque suburb of Buenos Ayres, where the English colony principally inhabits. The English Minister's residence is here; and here stands the English Consular Chapel, on the site of the old church built by the Dutch and English in 1680, and which was burned down in 1887. The Estrella Gardens, with their shady walks, adjoin the English Cemetery, which is known as "the Cypresses," from the magnificent cypresses which fill it. It is a relief to aching eyes and weary limbs, after that hot pull up the glaring hill, to saunter through the dark groves, in the shadow of which so many of our countrymen sleep their last sleep. Fielding sleeps under a massive stone sarcophagus, and in the next avenue a modest square urn on a plinth covers the ashes of Doddridge.

Lisbon, with its 200,000 inhabitants, produces nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of manufactures. The shops are full of imported goods. Not more than twenty per cent. of the population can read or write. The lawyers and merchants monopolize between them what enterprise, or wealth, or learning is found in the country, and from these two classes the official and hereditary nobility are largely recruited. The other families despise the name of trade, and spend their time (or waste it) at their country seats, only paying very occasional visits to the capital.

MEDICINE WITHOUT SCIENCE.

MUCH discussion has recently taken place as to the proper teaching of aspirants to the medical profession: but it has been chiefly confined in its most recent forms to instruction not strictly professional. As to this itself there is room for at least two opinions, and at least two have been held. In the first place, it must be remembered that there is no difference of opinion as to the importance of pure science to the healing art. The treatment of disease is based on physiology, and physiology on anatomy, chemistry, and physics. It is impossible to learn physiology without a previous, and very considerable, knowledge of chemistry; and the hospital lecturer on physiology is often driven to despair by his inability to make the untaught students in front of him understand the chemical phenomena which he is expounding to them. He describes digestion, and finds that starches, sugar, fats, albuminoids, and lactic acid are merely words to them. Further on he comes to nerve currents, to the functions of the eye and ear—the students do not know the most elementary laws of electricity, light, or sound. Whether students learn it or not, science is the agent by which our mastery over disease advances, and perfect medicine and surgery would be but branches of applied science. More, and not less, science is wanted. No one doubts all this, and it is needless to speak of the anesthetics, antiseptics, and drugs which the world owes to the chemist. Moreover, no one dreams of proposing that any men, even those destined for the rank and file of the profession, can be allowed to enter it in complete ignorance of chemistry and physics. It is all a question of how much they ought, or rather, unfortunately, of how little they may be allowed, to know. In spite of the great improvement in medical students, as a class, which has taken place since the days of Bob Sawyer, there are, and always will be, some idle ones whose sole desire is to get themselves placed on the register with the least possible expenditure of work. It is not right that such students should be encouraged by too easy a pass examination, or by a system which affords a direct incentive to cram, to squeeze into an already overcrowded profession with nothing but a flimsy substitute for scientific knowledge. Too many men, with letters after their names and brass-plates on their doors, are already in this position. They neglected their classes at the medical school, passed their time in amusements, and then at last rushed to the crammer, who packed them with what he thought most likely to be asked, avoiding carefully subjects about which questions had been set at the last examination. Men like this commonly go through life ignorant of all scientific principles, and unable to follow, or indeed understand, the discoveries by which their art is enriched. They use blindly the results gained by others; and, although they often by observation and experience acquire dexterity in practice, their scientific position is but little above that of the herbalist or bone-setter.

We have now to consider what steps the examining Boards, and particularly the Board of the conjoint Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, are taking to improve the character of medical education, and to repress the pernicious system of cramming. Unfortunately, the Royal Colleges are by their regulations fostering the very evils they wish to cure. In the primary examination Chemistry and Physics, which are bracketed, and Practical Chemistry are included. Three hours are allotted to a paper on Chemistry and Physics, and an hour and a half to Practical Chemistry; and there is sometimes a short additional *résumé*. The synopsis covers a very wide range, including Electricity, Heat, and Organic Chemistry, but not Light or Sound. This examination is the only test applied to the students in regard to pure science. Except as to the exclusion of light and sound the subjects are well selected; but, as a certain amount of choice is necessarily and properly allowed to the students, it is often easy to shirk vitally important questions. Candidates are allowed to present themselves at any time and are encouraged to do so before or very soon after entering the hospital school. When a man has passed this examination his training in pure science is at an end, and unless he devotes himself to private and non-compulsory study, he will never know more of physics or chemistry than he did when he passed. It is true that he will subsequently be examined in physiology and therapeutics, in each of which subjects chemical knowledge is necessary; but experience shows that these examinations can be passed with very slight knowledge of pure science.

In regard to this scheme of scientific teaching the first question is, Is it sufficient in scope? With the limitations above referred to we believe it is. It is perfectly impossible for any student of medicine to go very far in his study of pure science. The amount of study and work allotted to him in his hospital

course is very great indeed. He cannot and ought not to be expected to be a qualified chemist or physicist, and examiners have frequently erred by asking questions relating to applied and even to manufacturing chemistry. But it is essential that he shall know thoroughly the principles of science and the systems of classification which have been founded on those principles. General principles are more important than detached facts, for, with sound theoretical knowledge, individual facts can at any time and easily be obtained from books. It would be absurd to expect a student to remember a hundredth, or a thousandth, part of the facts of organic chemistry. But it is necessary that his general knowledge shall enable him to consult, with advantage, a tolerably advanced treatise on the subject. Of course a considerable basis of fact is requisite, not only for practical use, but to render general principles intelligible. Thus, in chemistry the medical man must of course be familiar with the preparation and properties of a considerable number of important elements and compounds, but it is not less essential that he should understand the laws of combination by weight and volume, the periodic law, and the general principles of thermal chemistry.

If such a scheme of scientific education be agreed upon, and we imagine few will offer opposition to it, the question remains, how the necessary training is to be supplied. It is less formidable than it appears to be, but it evidently requires good teaching and a somewhat extensive period of study. Let it be remembered that the great majority of students, when they enter the hospital school, know nothing whatever of science. The lecturer on chemistry has to teach them the metrical system of weights and measures, the structure and use of the barometer and thermometer, the composition of air and water, not to speak of the use of symbols and formulæ. Formerly students were recommended to join the hospital school in October, to attend a six months' course of lectures, which was followed in the ensuing summer by a three months' course of practical chemistry. But now the student is allowed to enter on the 1st of May, and to acquire his whole stock of theoretical and practical chemistry and physics before the end of July, when he may go up for examination. He may begin his practical with his theoretical work, although he does not understand the names on the labels of the bottles he uses. Is it not obvious that such a system is self-condemned? We have no hesitation in asserting that no real knowledge of chemistry can possibly be acquired under such conditions. That there were objections to the old system, none can deny, but the new system is absurd.

Besides the shortening of the period of study, there is another modern innovation, which is not less objectionable. Dr. Russell, the President of the Chemical Society, dwelt upon it at some length in his Presidential address, and we concur fully in all his remarks. If this, the sole examination in pure science, is to have any value at all, it can only be where the teaching has been obtained in an authorized and recognized school. The teachers in such schools, although they are naturally anxious that their pupils shall pass, are scientific men of position and reputation, whose ideas of scientific teaching are not likely to be bounded by the exigencies of an examination. But the colleges, although they still require the certificate of a teacher, are now satisfied to accept the certificate of any man, qualified or unqualified, who chooses to describe himself by that name. There are private crammers, or "grinders," as the medical students call them, who have no claim whatever to rank as science teachers. It would be unreasonable to blame them because their sole idea of scientific teaching is to get their pupils by hook or by crook through the examination. Their study is in old examination papers, and the idiosyncrasies of examiners. It would be better that the colleges should dispense with all certificates of previous study than that they should afford this direct encouragement to a class of teachers the existence of which they have always deplored. As Dr. Russell pointed out, it is noteworthy that the Examining Board of the two colleges still insists, in the case of Anatomy, Medicine, and Physiology, that the student shall have studied at a recognized medical school. It was natural that the President of the Chemical Society should "protest most strenuously against the exclusion of chemistry from this healthy regulation."

We have still to inquire how the Royal Colleges with their great power, well-earned prestige, and sincere desire to promote the interests of the medical profession can ensure more satisfactory scientific teaching without over-pressure upon the students. Taking chemistry as typical, it cannot be doubted that a course of chemical instruction must continue to form a portion of the hospital school curriculum, especially if, as is now proposed, the period of hospital study be extended to five years. But it is surely unnecessary that the bare alphabet of the science should be acquired during the hospital course. Why should not the Examining Board insist that a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry and physics should be acquired by the student before he entered the medical school? No one but a teacher can appreciate the saving of time or the advantage to the student which would follow this simple alteration. It is not only that the lecturer could carry his teaching much further than at present, and particularly could devote more time to organic chemistry, but that the student, with his previous training, however small, would follow the teaching more easily. To send a young man to a hospital to learn the metric system is about as wise a proceeding as if you sent him to the University of Oxford to learn his Latin grammar.

It may be objected that science is so irregularly taught in

schools that many students could not conform even to the simple conditions which we suggest. But as the general wisdom or unwisdom has agreed that elementary science is to be taught, there certainly can be no objection to having it taught usefully.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE annual meeting of the Three Choirs has come and gone without adding any notable work to the existing repertory of oratorio music, or exciting that interest amongst the ranks of the musical *cognoscenti* which is awakened by the festivals held at Leeds or Birmingham. The Committee saw no grounds for deviating from their practice of employing a local musician to direct the performances, and the *personnel*, whether we consider the principal singers, the band, or the chorus, was essentially native in its character. The prestige which is conferred on a meeting of this description when an eminent foreign composer attends to conduct his work in person was absent. Even amongst the audience it is doubtful whether there were more than a handful of foreigners; certainly no foreign critics were present. And yet the Worcester Festival was a notable success, the essentially English character of which would probably prove more interesting to a sympathetic alien than Birmingham did to M. de Saint-Saëns or Leeds to Dr. Otto Lessmann. To begin with, the performances take place under infinitely more favourable conditions, both acoustic and artistic. An indifferent voice is glorified in Worcester Cathedral; while the effect of "There were shepherds," as sung by Mme. Albani and heard by an auditor sitting in the choir or the Lady Chapel, is something indescribably beautiful. Here, too, the strains of the orchestra are invested with a fascination undreamed of by any one who has never heard them outside a concert-hall. The audience, again, are bound to be more attentive and reverent than in a public hall. And while the surroundings are such as to gratify the most fastidious critic, the nature of the music performed was admirably calculated to satisfy the average Festival-goer. He likes to hear his old favourites, not to be bewildered with elaborate novelties which, at a first hearing, only leave him perplexed and unsettled. And, after all, our Festivals were devised in the interest of the majority, not of the select few.

The Worcester Festival was extremely enjoyable, not merely on account of the surroundings, the weather, and the music performed. The manner of performance, though occasionally somewhat perfunctory, as in the Bach Cantata, *Ein feste Burg*, and in parts of Mozart's *Requiem*, was, on the whole, highly satisfactory. There was no conspicuous disappointment, as in Brahms's *Requiem* at Leeds last year; while in regard to tunefulness the choir was one of the best that has ever been got together. It consisted of the three Cathedral choirs and a certain number of picked local amateurs to begin with, supplemented by some singers from Cardiff; but its real strength lay in a contingent of eighty choristers from Leeds. The preliminary rehearsals were of rather a hurried and inadequate nature, but what the choir lost in the occasional uncertainty they displayed in the less familiar scores they gained in the freedom from fatigue with which they were enabled to set about their work. The Yorkshire singers were heard by themselves to great advantage in an unaccompanied eight-part song, "To Morning," by Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, the well-known organist of Christ Church, but their crowning effort was in the magnificent rendering which they gave at the miscellaneous concert on the night of last Wednesday week of the choruses in Dr. Parry's *St. Cecilia's Day*. This noble work, it may be remembered, was dedicated to the Leeds Chorus and their zealous choirmaster, Mr. Alfred Broughton, and how fully they appreciated the compliment was made manifest on this occasion, not merely by their splendid singing, but by the tempestuous heartiness with which they joined in the applause at the close of the work. The orchestra, which was of full dimensions, proved itself to be a very fine body of players, almost entirely natives. The brass occasionally got behind the beat, and the *obbligato* playing in a couple of instances was inferior. But the standard of excellence maintained throughout was decidedly high, and the performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, which took place in the Cathedral, was remarkable for its finish and beauty of tone. We may add to these comments on the executants a few words in recognition of the tact and ability displayed by Mr. C. Lee Williams, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, who acted as conductor throughout the Festival. Mr. Williams has a clear and vigorous beat, and his management of the solo numbers displayed both sympathy and intelligence. Of the principal vocalists we shall have occasion to speak later on; but may say here that Mme. Albani maintained her supremacy over all comers, while two promising recruits were forthcoming in the Irish bass, Mr. Plunket Greene, and the Welsh tenor, Mr. Hirwen Jones, the former especially distinguishing himself by the fervour of his singing in *St. Paul*.

The novelties produced at the Festival do not call for extended comment. Dr. Bridge's Oratorio, *The Repentance of Nineveh*, undoubtedly escapes the reproach of being commonplace, unless, perhaps, in the triumphal march and the storm scene. It is cleverly made music, and where the situation suggests the solid ecclesiastical style adopted is extremely effective. But for the rest, the dryness of the recitatives and the unattractive character

of the melody seem to preclude the possibility of the work's ever taking hold on the fancy of the oratorio-going public. This is all the more to be regretted seeing that the composition evinces at every turn serious intention and earnest effort. Mr. Elgar's *Froissart* Overture proved to be distinctly in advance of the average specimens of local talent produced on these occasions. It is pretentious, and not void of a certain bombastic vein, but it has vigour and colour, and displays enterprise in the handling of thematic material. Of the quasi-novelties, Weber's *Harvest* Cantata deserves prominent notice, not only for its intrinsic beauty, but for the spirit with which it was interpreted by the chorus and principal performers, Mrs. Hutchinson in particular distinguishing herself for the exquisite finish of her singing in the soprano part. The same singer deserves cordial praise for her fine performance of Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido" at the miscellaneous concert. When singers get a chance of indulging their individual proclivities, they too often introduce something thoroughly inferior, as Mr. Lloyd did on this occasion. Instead of giving the tenor air from *Iphigénie en Aulide*, say, which he sings to perfection, Mr. Lloyd selected an unutterably vapid air from Halévy's *La Juive*. At the same concert Mr. Plunket Greene contrived to render Hans Sachs's monologue "Was duftet doch" thoroughly interesting—not a mean achievement with a provincial audience—and delighted his hearers by his expressive delivery of the Irish air "My love's an Arbutus." Of the oratorios given *St. Paul* claims our attention first, not merely because the work is so seldom heard, but also by reason of the high merits of the performance. Except for a tendency to drag the time in "Jerusalem," Mme. Albani sang with great beauty of voice and tenderness of expression. Mr. Lloyd was admirable in the tenor music, while the chorus combined delicacy with animation to a remarkable extent. Of Mr. Greene's share in the work we have already spoken. The feature of the performance of the *Creation* (Parts I. and II.) was Mr. Brereton's admirable delivery of the bass recitatives and airs. Mr. Watkin Mills rendered valuable service throughout the week by his straightforward and vigorous declamation. Mr. Mills has improved greatly in regard to the purity of intonation, and the range of his voice seems to have gained in extent, to judge from the sonority of his E's and F's. In the *Elijah* his inability to realize the inflections of tenderness or pathos was the only drawback—though a serious one—in an otherwise highly meritorious interpretation. Mme. Albani was at her very best in "Hear ye, Israel," and in all the soprano music allotted to her in the *Messiah*, always excepting "Rejoice greatly"; while Miss Hilda Wilson's delivery of the contralto airs in the *Elijah* and *Messiah* could not have been improved on for purity and smoothness of style or spontaneity of expression. Miss Anna Williams's singing was as intelligent and conscientious as ever. She quite surprised her hearers, however, by the success with which she rendered the high and florid soprano part in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which was given to the alternative text of *Engedi* or *David in the Wilderness*. In this work Mr. Hirwen Jones showed to considerable advantage, and followed up the good impression by his highly expressive singing of the tenor music in the *Messiah*. Judged by the test of numbers and receipts, the Festival proved highly satisfactory. The attendance was about two thousand in advance of that at last meeting, while the sale of tickets realized about 5,000*l.*—the largest sum yet reached. The balance of receipts over expenditure is reckoned at about 500*l.*; but to this amount, by which the charity will be benefited, remains to be added the round sum of 1,000*l.* collected at the offertories.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE state of the silver market seems to suggest that speculation has been carried too far. The United States Government of late has been buying the metal 4 or 5 cents per ounce lower than it gave last month. Here in London the price fell from 54*½d.* per ounce to under 53*d.* per ounce at one time; since then it has been fluctuating between 53*d.* and 54*d.* per ounce. The stringency in New York may account for the weakness of the market. It has been extremely difficult at times to obtain loans on any conditions; for the banks had allowed their reserves to fall below the legal minimum, and even where money could be had the charges made were almost prohibitive. Speculators, therefore, may have decided that under these circumstances it was wiser to sell, and wait for a more favourable money market. But there is much that seems to show at the same time that this does not fully explain the weakness, and that, in fact, the new Silver Act was based upon imperfect calculations. Roughly speaking, the Act requires the American Government to buy half the present production of the world, and the promoters of the Act evidently were of opinion that the rest of the world would have to purchase the remaining half at whatever price the bullion might be carried to. But in coming to this conclusion they seem to have left out of their calculations some very important considerations. The recent depreciation of silver stimulated exports from all the silver-using countries, and checked imports into them. Now the rise in silver is checking exports and stimulating imports. Formerly, the exports, speaking generally, exceeded the imports, and the difference had to be paid for in cash—that is to say, in silver. Consequently, the

consumption of silver was wonderfully large. Now, however, that imports are being stimulated and exports checked there is a fear that the excess of exports over imports may greatly decrease, possibly even disappear altogether, and, consequently, less silver will be required to settle the difference or balance. It may be objected that the import trade is suffering just now like the export trade in the silver-using countries, but that is a temporary embarrassment. It is due to the fact that imports which are now being shipped can be sold much cheaper than imports that were shipped a month ago or more. After a while trade will adapt itself to the new conditions, and then imports will be gradually stimulated, while the higher silver rises the more difficult it will be to export, unless, indeed, the gold prices of the exports of silver-using countries rise considerably. There is another point of very much importance which does not seem to have received the attention which it deserves from the promoters of the Silver Act—namely, that a smaller amount of silver goes as far now as a larger amount did a little while ago. Roughly speaking, the price of silver is about 25 per cent. higher now than the average of last year. Consequently, 25 per cent. less silver is as effective in paying debts as the larger amount was last year. Even then, if the silver-using countries are able to keep up their exports, a smaller amount of silver will pay the difference between them and the imports than did formerly. But if, as seems inevitable, the exports fall off, and the imports increase, there will be not only a smaller balance to settle, but a smaller amount of silver will also settle that balance. It seems then to be reasonably certain that, if the price of silver is kept up, there will be a falling off in the consumption of the metal by silver-using countries; and it appears a reasonable conclusion, also, that the consumption in the arts will also be less.

On the other hand, it is extremely probable that the production of the world will increase rapidly. Even while the price was continuously falling there was a steady increase in the output from the mines. In 1878, according to the best available statistics, the total production of the world was under 73½ million ounces. In 1889 it amounted, in round figures, to 126 million ounces, being an increase of 52½ million ounces, or about 70 per cent. But in 1878 the price of silver was over 55*d.* per ounce, whereas last year it was at one time under 42*d.* per ounce. With such a great and continuous fall so extraordinary an increase in production is remarkable; and it will be strange, therefore, if there is not a much more rapid and much greater increase in the future. Many mines which could not be worked at less than 50*d.* per ounce will now be reopened; while mines in which silver constitutes only a small percentage of the total ores will be worked more vigorously. Small as the percentage is, it will enable the owners to sell their other ores below the price their competitors must ask; and, therefore, the output in lead-mines and other mines containing silver is sure to be greatly increased. If this happens, it is difficult to see how the price of silver bullion can be kept up. If, that is to say, there is a large increase in the production and a considerable falling off in the consumption of other silver-using countries except the United States, the United States must either augment in proportion its purchases of the metal or the present price cannot be kept up. Apparently the speculators in silver are beginning to recognize this. They see already that there is less demand than there was for other silver-using countries except the United States, and they anticipate that there will be a considerable augmentation in the output. At all events, they feel sure that the mine-owners will do what they can to augment production. Possibly the owners in the United States may think it better not to increase the output, but to receive a higher price. Owners elsewhere, however, are very likely to take a different view of the matter; and evidently the owners of mines of whose ores silver forms but a small percentage must endeavour to increase the output, inasmuch as only by so doing can they get command of the market for those ores which constitute the larger part of the output. And the difficulties of the speculators are increased by the fact that the American Government is buying only 4½ million ounces per month. If it had gone into the market, and bought at once very large amounts—intending, of course, to keep within the limit imposed by the Act for the year's purchases—it would have relieved the speculators of the stocks they are holding, and enabled them at once to realize large profits. But, as it is acting, it will only gradually take from them those stocks; and, in the meantime, the prospect of increased production and decreased consumption will be influencing the market.

The long-continued stringency in the New York money market has caused a sharp rise in the rate of discount here in London. In the open market it is now up to 4 per cent., the Bank-rate. On Tuesday and Wednesday there were rumours that large amounts of gold would be withdrawn for New York. In consequence it was expected that the Bank-rate on Thursday would be advanced to 5 per cent., for when once a drain to New York sets in, it is usually of such great magnitude that it would be unsafe to delay a moment in attempting to stop it. The rumours happily have not proved true. Apparently both in New York and in London those who usually ship bullion waited to see what would be the effect of the action of the Secretary of the Treasury on Wednesday, the last day on which holders of the Four per Cents. could avail themselves of his offer to buy to the nominal amount of 16 millions of dollars. Altogether about 27 millions of dollars were tendered, and he bought over 16½ millions at prices ranging from 126 to 126½. He also bought

Four and a Half per Cents. exceeding one million dollars in nominal amount. Altogether, including the premium, the price of both sets of bonds amounts to about 23 millions of dollars, or considerably over 4½ millions sterling. It is naturally expected that so large a transfer of money from the Treasury to the market must restore ease, especially as it is understood that the time is to be prolonged within which the payment of the old Customs duties on imports can be made. The Directors of the Bank of England seem to have taken this view, and to have concluded, therefore, that a drain to New York would not set in. At all events, they did not raise their rate on Thursday, and they must have known that on that day withdrawals for Lisbon and Egypt of nearly a quarter of a million sterling were to take place. The course of the New York market, however, is still very uncertain. There is reported to be a great scarcity of money all over the Union, which is the more remarkable considering what immense additions have been made to the currency for long years past, and the New York Stock Exchange is so depressed that it is evidently the opinion of the leading operators there that the monetary stringency is not yet at an end. If that opinion proves correct, then a rise in the Bank-rate must take place before very long; for, as has just been said, every effort must be made at any cost to prevent a drain to New York.

The Jewish holidays, which began on Monday, caused a falling off in business upon the Stock Exchange, and, indeed, upon the Continental Bourses as well; and the check was accentuated by the alarm respecting the money market which sprang up on Tuesday and Wednesday. The mid-monthly Liquidation in Paris, which has also been going on, likewise has had its influence. The recent activity has been led by Paris. It has been most apparent in securities which are dealt in upon that market, and it is quickened or slackened by every change of feeling on the Paris Bourse. Apparently during the last few days the more cautious operators have become uneasy, and have been selling on a very large scale. The market, however, is believed to be sound, and a recovery will probably soon take place; for money is for the present abundant and cheap there, trade is good, and as yet there has been no shock to credit. Speculation, no doubt, has been carried too far, and there must be some decline. It is said, for example, that the great banks and insurance Companies have been selling Renten on an extraordinary scale during the past week or two. If this has been going on on the scale reported, it is surprising how purchasers have been found at so very small a decline. Altogether the reaction is not much more than 1 per cent.; but, as it is inconceivable that such a mass of Renten can have been purchased by *bona fide* investors in so short a space of time, it is evident that, were there to be any disturbance of the money market, the speculators might be unable to carry out their operations, and there might, therefore, be a considerable fall. The best informed, however, appear confident that investment business is so large that there is no likelihood of a serious fall in investment securities. It is different, of course, with speculative securities, in which the rise has clearly been too quick of late. The check to business has extended to copper, diamond, and gold shares. They are all of a speculative character, and naturally, therefore, suffer from any rise in the value of money. In the home railway market much disappointment was caused by the declaration of a dividend of 1½ per cent. on the Deferred stock of the North British Railway Company. The market had been expecting from 2½ to 2¾ per cent., and the declaration therefore came as a great surprise, particularly as the traffic returns had shown an increase for the half-year of over 100,000*l.* The American market continues very depressed, as is natural, while the New York money market is stringent; and, consequently, the future is so uncertain.

The rise in the value of money naturally tends to discourage investment, as investors can get a considerable rate by simply depositing their money with their bankers and waiting for a decline in prices. There is much just now to recommend such a course besides the mere uncertainty of the money market. If there should be a crisis in New York—and that is still a possible contingency—there is sure to be a general decline in prices. So, again, if any of the provinces of the Argentine Federation, or any of the municipalities, should fail to pay the interest on their debt, there would be a revival of apprehension regarding Argentine affairs, and consequently a fall in prices. Any political scare again would have the same result. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that for some time to come, at all events, there can be much further rise in investment securities. They are already exceedingly high, higher than a few years ago would have been thought possible. Even, therefore, if matters go smoothly, much advance does not seem likely; while, if anything untoward should happen, there may be a decline. It would seem, therefore, likely to be more advantageous to investors to wait for some time than to invest immediately.

RACING.

ON Sunday last, in France, Alicante won the great autumn race for three-year-olds, the Prix Royal Oak, so easily, that she at once became an equal favourite for the Cesarewitch with Gonsalvo, who is handicapped within a pound of her. She gave a beating by several lengths to Puchero, who is handicapped to give her 9 lbs. for the Cesarewitch. In England, the hard week's

racing at Doncaster was followed by one still harder, including five days' racing. At Leicester, for the September Plate, True Blue II. was receiving 4 lbs. for his three-quarters of a length defeat by Bondager in July. John Morgan, the winner of the Charlton Plate at Goodwood, was handicapped to give weight to both. The race was won by Mr. H. Milner's well-bred chestnut colt, Grand Prior, by Hermit out of Devotion. There was something rural and childlike in the sound of the Village Nursery Handicap, and the competitors were of rather a humble class, as was fitting. The Bradford Plate was a more valuable stake, and the favourite, Lord Rosebery's bay filly by Foxhall out of Kermesse, won easily. This was the first race that Lord Rosebery had won for some years; but he followed up his success by winning another race within an hour. The Badminton Foal Plate of 1,000*l.* had a good entry, including Orvietto, who had shown the best two-year-old form of the year up to his defeat for the Champagne Stakes by Haute Saône, at Doncaster; but he did not start, and the race was won by Phyllida, who had finished between Cuttlestone and Adieu for the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood. On the second day, the Midland Nursery Handicap was headed by the name of the half-bred Royal Stag, who was handicapped 10 lbs. below Gone Coon for a race on Thursday last, which showed that the form of the horses entered was only moderate. He did not start, and the favourite was Sir J. Duke's Evil Eye, a chestnut colt by Robert the Devil, that had already won two races. It was also thought that Trapezoid had run sufficiently well at Derby a fortnight earlier to have a fair chance under 20 lbs. less than the highest weight on the list. Evil Eye, however, won cleverly. For the Craven Plate 12 to 1 was laid on Montrose, a chestnut colt by Peter, whose only public form had been to run unplaced to old Maxim in June, and he now won in a canter from his solitary opponent. He only fetched 105 guineas, at auction, after the race.

The Manchester Meeting began on Thursday, and the great race of the week, the Lancashire Plate of 11,000*l.*, will be run for to-day. It is impossible for us to notice the Manchester racing on this occasion; but we may say that the Lancaster Nursery Handicap was won by Baron de Rothschild's Mardi Gras, a bay colt by Robert the Devil that had won the Great Surrey Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,113*l.* at Epsom. He ran much better on this occasion than he had done at Derby a fortnight earlier, even when due allowance is made for the 8 lbs. which enabled him to reverse his form with Bog Myrtle.

REVIEWS.

THE VERDICT, AND OTHER BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE can perceive only one objection to the really admirable "Tract on the Political Significance of the Report of the Parnell Commission" to which Mr. Dicey has given the principal title of *The Verdict*, and this objection applies only to part of it. That part is too absolutely impartial, or, to adopt a still better, because a less ambiguous, word, too purely judicial. After giving the book brief notice in the weekly "Chronicle" of this *Review*, and reading it carefully, we have purposely waited for some time before discussing it at greater length in order to see what Home Rulers would make of it. If we had been merely actuated by vanity we should have published this review at once with assurance, which has been amply justified, of earning thereby the credit of prophecy. For they have done exactly what we had anticipated that they would do. They have accepted very greedily all Mr. Dicey's concessions, all his admissions, whether for the sake of argument or not, all his allowances of Not Proven on their side. And then they have at once either passed *sub silentio* or expressly disallowed his arguments and his conclusions on the other side. We own that we ourselves have the gravest doubts whether Mr. Dicey is right in saying that the finding of the Commissioners as to the Pigott forgeries amounts to "absolute moral acquittal." But it was natural and inevitable that the adversary should make the very utmost of the declaration that it is. On the other hand, when Mr. Dicey writes "that, among men not blinded by partisanship, the conclusions of the Commission should command absolute confidence is a dictum of common sense," he asserts what may be and is a very reasonable proposition, but one which his adversaries notoriously and *ab initio* deny, refuse, and detest. The only "absolute" feeling that the conclusions of the Commissioners command in them is one of distrust. They maintain that the findings favourable to the Parnellites were given because the facts were too strong for them, and that the unfavourable findings were mere expressions of prejudiced opinion. That this is not only indecent, but wrong-headed in the highest degree, we agree

with Mr. Dicey thoroughly; but our agreement is useless. It is the other side he must convince; and the other side simply denies his major. On the other hand, though we fear the book will make few converts, it is one of the most remarkable instances we have ever seen of what may be called the anticipation of the historical attitude. Although we have very little doubt that a writer a hundred years hence will have before him absolute proofs of many things which, for want of absolute proof, the Commissioners had to dismiss as not proven, we do not think that, supposing the actual evidence to be then not more abundant than now, and supposing a historian determined to confine himself to evidence in the strict sense of the word, he would write in any other way than that in which Mr. Dicey has written. Even those of his adversaries who have retained a little common sense have had to admit the excellence of his exposition of the actual meaning of the findings, however they may contend that these findings were disabled beforehand by want of jurisdiction, partiality of judges, or what not.

They naturally will not attach equal importance to his second part, which we, on the other hand, as naturally think the more valuable. This contains a dissection of "the Gladstonian apology," and a thing better or more thoroughly done we know not. It gains much from the fact that, of necessity, the merely judicial attitude is abandoned; though Mr. Dicey is still as little of a partisan as can well be imagined. At any rate, he is not exposed to the unfair counterplay referred to above, nor is he himself restrained from hitting as hard as he can. Even here his invincible *epicheia*, perhaps, goes a little far. Why say "that Sir Charles Russell maintained, doubtless with sincerity, that boycotting lessens serious crime"? As an advocate, there is not the slightest reason either to impute or to deny sincerity to him; of that we need certainly not remind Mr. Dicey. As a member of Parliament, as a politician, what sign of sincerity has Sir Charles ever shown in this matter? Again, why say "I am thoroughly convinced that crimes such as the torture of animals are as hateful, not only to Mr. Gladstone and his followers, but also to Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, as to every man who has in his heart any touch of humanity or of Christian feeling"? What right have we, has Mr. Dicey, has any man, to say that? Mr. Parnell, for ten years at least, and Mr. Gladstone, for nearly five, whether their lips have condemned the torture of animals or not, have hobnobbed with a party, have utilized and praised, a course of action by which and in which the torture of animals is as much a recognized and constantly practised weapon as shells are with the British army and navy. What good purpose is achieved by mealy-mouthedness to them? Yet, no doubt, Mr. Dicey's almost Quixotic fairness will in the long run strengthen his argument, though it may for present purposes weaken it. Of that argument we can only borrow words of the Laureate's, and say that it "ruining overthrows" all the flimsy contentions of Gladstonians on the subject, and quote a passage the latter part of which we may praise with the greater heartiness in that Mr. Dicey, on the one hand, is not a Conservative, and that we are not among the Conservatives who ever made "awkward excuses" in the matter, or failed to protest against the gruesome mistake of the party leaders, not, indeed, in turning out Mr. Gladstone by the help of the Parnellites, but in relaxing measures against the common enemy.

It is futile, again, to listen to arguments which may be summed up in shrieks of "Forgery! Forgery! Pigott! Pigott!" If Mr. Parnell were proved innocent of writing a hundred forged letters this would not detract in the slightest degree from the heinousness of his denouncing law-abiding citizens who might be at any moment in peril of their lives, and advising an excited peasantry to treat the lawful purchasers of land as lepers. The acutest dialectician would be puzzled to frame a chain of argument by which, from the premises of Mr. Parnell did not write the "fac-simile" letter, and that the *Times* asserted that Mr. Parnell did write it, should be deduced the conclusions that Mr. Parnell has not been a conspirator; or that a criminal conspiracy for the ruin of Irish landlords is not a crime; or that a system of intimidation leading to crime and outrage is a legitimate means of constitutional agitation.

Nor, again, need any plain man trouble himself with arguments or charges based on the alleged "complicity" or "condonation" of 1885. The factitious indignation of the Opposition, and the awkward excuses of a few Conservatives, deceive no one. We all know how the matter stands. In 1885 the Tories did not turn Home Rulers, but Conservative co-operation with a faction whom every Englishman had a right to distrust compromised the reputation of the Conservative party, and, for a time, lowered the character of English public life. The follies or intrigues of 1885, except by way of warning, concern not the present; they have rightly passed into oblivion, not through lapse of time, but through change of circumstances. The memory of them ought assuredly not to be revived by politicians who, being hand-and-glove with the Parnellites, now that Mr. Parnell and his friends are convicted of conspiracy, think fit to denounce rivals who, when the character of Parnellism was incompletely unmasked, yielded—calamitously for themselves and their country—to the temptation of temporary co-operation with the Parnellites. Speakers insult the intelligence of the English people who fancy that the public will allow their attention to be distracted from the proved offences of the Parnellites by declamation about a feigned condonation, which no human being ever gave, or could give, on behalf of the English people.

There is at the present time, in the proper sense, no Archbishop "of" Dublin, and of the two Archbishops "in" Dublin, the one who has any claim to the title is not the person—Dr. Walsh, an Archbishop of the Roman Church—who, we gather from internal evidence, is the author of the second book on our list. It would, however, be rather a pity if disgust at the *outrage* and bad taste which assume a title without a right to it were to prevent any one from reading at least part of the manifesto. As we have no desire to incur the

* *The Verdict*. By A. V. Dicey. London: Cassell. 1890.

Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of Education. By the Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1890.

Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By W. B. Morris. Fourth edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1890.

Limerick and its Sieges. By the Rev. J. Dowd. Limerick: McKern. 1890.

Irish Diamonds. London: Gibbings. 1890.

charge of mealy-mouthedness which we have just brought against Mr. Dicey, we shall admit frankly that on most subjects we should receive anything that Archbishop Walsh says or writes with the very gravest suspicion, justified by his record and his associates. Even in this volume a large part will be found tainted with mere sectarian jealousy and greed for endowment and authority; while the objections to the Irish National system, and especially to Dr. Walsh's beast blacker than any other beast the Training College in Marlborough Street, are often pettifogging, and the extolling of the wonderful things that "our" colleges have done childish enough. Dr. Walsh would also do well, if he wishes to influence that part of English opinion which is worth influencing, to be less lavish of italics, bracketed marks of interrogation and exclamation, and other devices of the forcible-feeble. He damages his own case by ignoring the fact that, whether the National School books and the National School system may or may not have grown rusty in sixty years, they were originally, according to their own lights and scheme, far better than anything England or most other countries had to show. And he shows his hand almost fatally by objecting, with all the apparatus above referred to, to a still perfectly sound statement of Whately's which happens to conflict with the policy of his friends of the Land League. But these drawbacks appear, though not wholly, chiefly in the later part of the book, that dealing with University education. The first chapter, dealing with primary education, is on the whole a temperate, well-digested, and useful statement of the objections—very strong, and by no means limited to "Catholics" only—which are made against the Irish system of mixed schools. The necessity of keeping in touch with the Church of Ireland, and even to some extent with the Protestant sects with whom the actual system is not much more popular than with Roman Catholics, has made Dr. Walsh preserve his temper, and his case is so good that he has not been able to spoil it. The fact is that the Irish school system was one of the most elaborate, one of the best thought out, one of the most courageously urged and maintained, but also one of the most hopeless from the beginning, of the numerous projects of the doctrinaire Liberalism of the first half of this century. On the one hand you had a country with perhaps a rather superior average of intellect, or at least intellectual quickness, and a decidedly inferior average of education, to any other country in Europe. On the other hand, you had religious, political, and, in a way, social hatreds burning with a fierceness hardly known elsewhere, and a temperament singularly indocile to system. Therefore you devised a hard and fast system of "mixed" education (for "denominational" education was of course anathema), in which you carefully blinked almost every one of the facts of the case. We do not think that Dr. Walsh is one whit too scornful of the crowning absurdity of this system, the plan of providing apparatus of the iconic character required by Roman Catholic devotion for use during the hours of religious instruction by Roman Catholics, and carefully boxing it up with shutters at other hours that it may not exercise undue influence on Protestants. He knows as well as we do that such a system is hard to alter; but he has for once our complete sympathy in his endeavours to get it altered, always provided that a rational system of denominational schools, with grants supplementing subscriptions, is substituted for it, and not a copy of the costly and unfair English Board School plan.

It is so short a time (not more than two years) since we noticed the third edition of Father Morris's lively and vigorous book on St. Patrick that we need not spend much time on the fourth. The good Father is rather exercised at our criticism, which he notices, except for one little outburst about "wild language" and "partisan credulity," good-humouredly enough. Let us assure him that we are not given to wild statements; that, as for "partisan," nobody who is good for anything is not something of a partisan—he certainly is himself a good deal of one—and that, if he could only give us a little more credulity than we have got, we might be more comfortable, if we became less critical. The remarks which disturbed Father Morris were directed to his attempt to rationalize in a very Renanish fashion the text in the *Confession* as to St. Patrick's ancestors being in holy orders. Now we agree with Father Morris in his attitude towards miracles, as such, quite as much as we disagree with him about the possibility or probability of St. Patrick's father and grandfather being married clergy. But we confess that he seems to us to be in regard to the second point very much in the condition of Mr. Huxley and others in regard to the first. They say, or would say, in the Palace of Truth, "We hold that miracles do not happen, so let us, if we possibly can, explain away this particular miracle." He says, or would say, "I want to hold that the Church did not wink at the marriage of the clergy, so let us assume that St. Patrick's father was a decurion, and not a deacon." What is the difference? For let us remind Father Morris that he is not the only person who is likely to have felt this desire, and that, therefore, while it is very odd that any copyist should have changed "decurion" into "deacon," it is the most natural thing in the world that some copyist, less honest than Father Morris, should have changed "deacon" into "decurion." And this we say, first, not in the least wishing to establish by St. Patrick's instance that deacons were married; secondly, caring very little whether they were or not (for a matter, not of faith, but of discipline, and not anywhere decided in Scripture, can be altered by the Church when, and as often as, she pleases), and, thirdly, having not the least wish, except for the pleasure of fighting, which is always considerable, to come to

blows with Father Morris. For he is an agreeable writer and a learned man, and we are only sorry that he is on the wrong side.

Limerick and its Sieges is an unpretentious book, in class between the history and the guide, well illustrated, printed in good, large type, acknowledging its obligations freely, and (as we have found it) pleasantly readable. Mr. Dowd tells us in his preface that it is part of some notes which he has made on the castles and abbeys of the county of Limerick generally, and we shall be very glad if the rest of these see the light. Far too little has been done in this way for Ireland.

When *Irish Diamonds* first appeared we do not know or remember, and it now is published without note or comment of any kind; but its "Phiz" illustrations and its general tenor speak of a time at least forty years ago, and we are prepared to be accused of the grossest ignorance or forgetfulness for not knowing that it is by S. C. Hall, or somebody of that kind. It is neither above nor below the usual miscellany of the sort; all the old stories being duly hashed up with large extracts from *Castle Rackrent* as *pièces de résistance* here and there.

NOVELS.*

NAME and Fame is the history of a brother and sister, brought up side by side, and educated by their father in precisely the same way, till the boy succeeds in getting a scholarship at Cambridge, and the girl is told that "she is a woman; her books must close over, for all her lessons are said." The story deals with the ripening of the seed sown, for the most part unconsciously, in the hearts of Sydney and Lettice Campion. Sydney has been tacitly encouraged by his father to look only to himself and his own career, while Lettice was assumed to be his inferior, who might think herself lucky if she were allowed to eat of her brother's crumbs. Their father, rector of an Essex parish, falls deeper and deeper into debt in his efforts to supply the ever-increasing necessities of his son in the character of a brilliant man of the world; and Lettice remains at home to fight with the poverty of the household. Sydney Campion is very well conceived, and his portrait is the best thing in the book. He is typical of a large class of young men who, being handsome, clever, and self-confident, have always had everything their own way, and are selfish and self-absorbed chiefly because it has never occurred to them to be anything else. Given this kind of man, it is quite natural that he should object to his sister Lettice living a life of her own; to her going to Girton, or making friends for herself who were not congenial to him; but the authors are mistaken when they depict Sydney as being ashamed of having her alluded to as a rising novelist. Sydney might have had some brotherly contempt for her productions, a feeling that is quite compatible with a latent jealousy of their success; but he was far too modern a young man not to appreciate Lettice's distinction at its just value. The unpleasant episode of Milly Harrington, Lettice's servant, is likewise out of place. Sydney Campion was by no means a vicious man, nor did he ever pretend to himself that he was in love with the girl; and to have tempted her from his sister's roof only to deceive her by a mock marriage and cast her off in a few months' time would have been quite impossible to him. Still, the affair of Milly once granted, there is considerable cleverness in the way in which its consequences are worked out, and the effect on the girl he had married. There is a touch of subtlety in the idea that when Sydney Campion really fell in love he almost resented the fact of Nan Pynsent's social position and sixty thousand pounds, and he, who had been struggling for wealth and power all his life, hated to think that he might achieve both by dint of his marriage. When his wife's eyes are finally opened to her husband's past ill-doings, Nan's attitude towards him is well described, and is one that would have been held by almost any high principled girl. Her love for her husband dies at the same moment as her trust, and it is very improbable that it would ever have revived again. To suit, however, the exigencies of the book, there is a feeble reconciliation scene, in which Nan begs Sydney to say that he is "sorry." A woman such as Nan would have required some deeper evidence of repentance for a sin like his, which would have stood between her and her husband to the end of their lives. Nan is an attractive little creature, but her relations with Sydney Campion are generally misconceived. In spite of the inconsequence of her sex, a woman rarely falls in love with a man whom she does not consider a gentleman, and her doing so is still more out of the question when she has proclaimed her opinion of him to her sister-in-law. Yet Nan does all this, and she must have thought bitterly of her first view of Sydney when the day

* *Name and Fame*. By Ewing-Lester and Adeline Sergeant. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

All for Naught. By Wilfred Woollam, M.A. London: Hunt & Blackett. 1890.

Strange Doings in Strange Places. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1890.

A Bachelor's Wife. By Urso Major. Edinburgh: Bryce. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1890.

A Bad Name. By James J. Ellis. London: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company. 1890.

The Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois. By George Frost. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1890.

of reckoning came. The other romance—that of Lettice and the poet, Alan Walcott—interests the reader less. Walcott is a shadowy being tied to a half-mad and wholly unsatisfactory wife, for whose death (or divorce) he is waiting in order that he may marry Lettice. There is always something disagreeable in such a state of affairs, and, notwithstanding the authors' efforts to win their public to the side of Lettice, her woes do not gain much sympathy. Nine people out of ten will probably agree with Miss Champion's old literary friend, Mr. Graham, in his disapproval of her very unconventional behaviour. On the whole, the joint authors of *Name and Fame* may be congratulated on their joint book; but in their next novel they would do well to take heed to one or two things. In the first place, they have fallen into a common snare in making success come so soon to both hero and heroine and with such scanty drawbacks. It is absurd that Sydney Champion should have gained such distinction at the Bar, and have been a noted man in Parliament at the age of twenty-eight—thirty-five would have been quite young enough—and, though Lettice might have supported herself by her pen, it is highly unlikely her productions would have been so eagerly sought after by publishers at the age of twenty-five. But in the matter of the lapse of time the authors are rather confused, and in their anxiety to surround Sydney and Lettice with the halo of youth they have forgotten how fast, according to their own showing, the years have flown. In the second place, it is better not to introduce real people into a story, especially when they are still living. It is quite as easy to invent fictitious personages, and a very small acquaintance with the world will enable readers to identify Lord Montagu Plumley and Mrs. Hartley.

All for Naught is an ominous title, which is justified by the dulness of the book. What is "all for naught" we are not quite clear, except that neither pleasure nor profit is to be got by wading through the three volumes. There is a melodramatic villain called Maurice Miles, who wins the affections of both heroines; a vulgar flirt, who thinks it amusing to tempt young men to kiss her (which one young man, at least, refrained from doing); another young poet—the young poet is as fashionable now as the *beau sabreur* once was—and a host of minor characters. Throughout the seven hundred pages devoted to their *faits et gestes*, no one does anything the least probable, or says anything the least amusing. A variety of strange things happen, but the most harrowing fail to stir the languid pulses of the reader—unless, indeed, he gets profoundly irritated at the way in which every one is always laughing at nothing. The style is bad, and often ungrammatical. In vol. i. p. 127, we have the remark, "The lady who so enamoured him joined her friends." A few pages further on, she addresses somebody as "*Ma chaperone*," while the young tutor suffers his pupil to say, without correction, "A wilful young woman, is Di"; "She's a rare head for figures, has Di"; "She's game, is our Di." Besides expressing himself in this highly objectionable manner, this "little vulgar boy" goes on to observe (vol. ii. p. 62), "She can beat me at cricket. You must bowl 'overs' to her." The guileless youth apparently imagined that an "over" is some kind of deadly ball, against which none but the hoary veteran can stand; and again the tutor neglects to improve the occasion. In his defence, it must be urged that he "was a great reader. He had read the lives of the authors; those lives which, next to the *Newgate Calendar*, present the most sickening chapter in the history of man" (vol. i. p. 63). Who are those mysterious "authors" from whose records it would seem that all men would do well to flee? We have heard of the *Lives of the Poets*, but never of the *Lives of the Authors*. And if writing the life of an author makes a man himself an author, and liable in his turn to have his life written, why then—but the brain reels; we can pursue the subject no farther. Let every man take warning, and see that by no act of his he adds another volume to the dread collection. If he take heed, Mr. Woolam's book will cease to be *All for Naught*.

The gruesome collection of tales that make up *Strange Doings in Strange Places* is the work of many well-known writers. They are laid in various countries; but the true-born Briton will probably prefer the stories that are concerned with England. One of the most thrilling is "Bob Cheddar's Fate," by Mr. Molloy, in spite of the startling announcement at the beginning that the young gentleman in question was an undergraduate of All Souls College, Oxford; for Mr. Molloy has neglected to state that Cheddar was one of the remarkably limited number of Bible clerks pertaining to that foundation. The story is ingeniously conceived, and treats of the moral decadence of a weak man who has suffered from a "disappointment" and the social ruin that was its result. Miss Warden is graphic in her account of an episode in the life of a homicidal maniac who chases a girl among the bells of Bredham Tower, although she rather perplexes the conscientious reader with the statement, on p. 114, "that it was a moonless night," while on the page exactly facing she refers to a "ray of moonlight" which showed the girl to her enemy. Miss Theo Gift is sentimental after her usual kind; John Berwick Harwood tells a wild Californian tale that requires the pen of Bret Harte to carry conviction with it; while F. W. Robinson seeks his dramatic incidents nearer home, and finds them in a convalescent ward. All the stories are readable, and the sooner they appear in a yellow back at our railway stalls the better for the public. (N.B.—There are no records of railway accidents.) It is really astonishing

that it can be worth any one's while to write such weary non-sense as *A Bachelor's Wife*, *A Bad Name*, or the *Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois*. The first two are utterly tame and flat, in the telling, though the author of *A Bachelor's Wife* has so far the advantage in that his story, dull as it is, has some sort of coherence and point. *A Bad Name* wanders about, absolutely confusing the reader as to its events and entirely perplexing him about its characters, who do not belong to any class. As for the *Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois*, the fact that it consists of nearly three hundred pages written from beginning to end in broken English, puts it at once beyond the pale of criticism. An author who could perpetrate anything so tasteless is beneath the attention of any critic.

THE ORIGIN OF HUMAN REASON.*

The Origin of Human Reason; being an Examination of Recent Hypotheses concerning it, is really a polemical work directed against the theories of the Darwinian school, and more especially against a recent publication by a distinguished member of that school—*Mental Evolution in Man: Origin of Human Faculty*. By G. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Mr. Romanes supports "Mr. Darwin's great thesis," as a true disciple should. "We say Mr. Darwin's great thesis," continues Professor Mivart, "because in maintaining it the modern Darwinian school are faithful followers of their master. For the late Mr. Darwin declared that to admit the existence of a distinction of kind between the origin of man and that of other animals 'would make the theory of "Natural Selection" valueless"; and that, under such circumstances, he 'would give absolutely nothing for the theory of "Natural Selection,"' adding, 'I think you will be driven to reject all or admit all.'" We find assurances in many parts of Mr. Darwin's writings that he saw no difference of "kind," but only one of "degree," between our highest intellectual faculties and the psychical faculties of the lower animals; and, moreover, he has declared, as a doctrine which "rests upon ground that will never be shaken," that we have no faculties, intellectual or moral, which could not have been evolved by the chance action of natural forces from the powers possessed by brutes.

It is hardly necessary to point out the issues involved in this controversy, which have already been stated with wearisome iteration by the assailants and the defenders of Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*, nor would it serve any useful purpose to do so. Most people's minds are made up before they approach the subject. Whether the human race draws its origin from the Garden of Eden or from a wilderness of monkeys is a matter which is decided by every man for himself, according as the gods have made him a Platonist or an Aristotelian, a Realist or a Nominalist; for the scholastic controversies of the Middle Ages are still alive under new names, and probably will always continue to live in one form or another. We shall content ourselves with indicating the main lines followed by the present pair of disputants.

Mr. Romanes gives four *à priori* reasons in favour of "the hypothesis" that such a gradual series of transitions in psychical power exists between man and brute as suffices to make plain the fact that the difference between them is not one of "kind"—not a fundamental essential difference—but merely one of "degree." They are as follows:—

- (1) The process of organic and mental evolution has been continuous throughout the whole region of life.
- (2) Every human individual goes through a process of gradual development and evolution, extending from infancy to manhood; in this process, which begins at zero and may culminate in genius, there is nowhere and never any sudden leap of progress, such as the passage from one order of psychical being to another would show; therefore, whether human intelligence differs from brute intelligence or no, it certainly admits of development from a zero level.
- (3) It is an undeniable psychological fact that the human mind in its individual development ascends through a scale of mental faculties which are parallel with those that are permanently presented by the psychological species of the animal kingdom.

Here Mr. Romanes relies upon his own views as expressed by his initial diagram. According to that diagram, an infant of a week old has the memory of a starfish; at twelve weeks it is comparable in intelligence with a frog, but in a fortnight more has mounted to the mental level of a lobster; at five months it can "communicate its ideas" as freely as a bee; and in three months more understands words and pictures as well as a bird.

- (4) The intelligence of the human race has been subject to steady development. Therefore, since mental evolution has gone on in man since he first appeared, it probably existed before he appeared, and produced him.

To all this Professor Mivart replies:—(1) "On grounds of analogy we should deem it to be antecedently probable that the process of evolution at its terminal phase (the advent of the rational animal—man) had been interrupted, because it is continually interrupted now, and has been notably interrupted at the introduction of life, and again of sensitivity"; (2) Intellect cannot be developed from a zero level, and the fact that no sudden leap takes place in human evolution is a proof that the same mental nature has existed from birth; (3) He declines to discuss the lobsters and starfishes, and declares that instances quoted by Mr.

* *The Origin of Human Reason; being an Examination of Recent Hypotheses concerning it*. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S.

Romanes himself prove that infants really possess a true intellectual nature and true abstract ideas; (4) He traverses altogether Mr. Romanes's argument from progress, and argues that the facts seem to establish an *a priori* probability of an exactly opposite kind, because in no species of animal do we find an approximation to the advance which men have made. No animal, Professor Mivart points out, can state an abstract proposition, either by language or by signs. This, according to his view, is the essential difference between the mind of man and that of brutes. Man's nature contains all the nature of brutes, but his mind has within it something more, and something which could not have been evolved from the mind of brutes. The evolutionists, finding their theory so evidently true as an explanation of most of the phenomena of life, assume it to be true generally, and imagine that in this famous theory they have found a key to all mysteries; and consequently, that no great natural changes ever took place *per saltum*, or at least that we have no grounds for supposing that they did, if it can be proved that they might have been brought about by the gradual process of development. Against this it may be urged that the living organisms of vegetable and animal life now existing upon this planet can hardly be supposed to have been evolved from the primeval rocks and detritus; and that, if this point be conceded, it seems more probable that man appeared in a similar manner, *per saltum*, than that he should have been developed from the "interesting creature" whom Mr. Romanes so graphically describes as our immediate ancestor. We regret that neither of the disputants seems to have read Mr. Anderson's *Twenty-five Years in a Wagon*, in which he mentions a Bushman who assured him that he could talk to the baboons and understand what they said.

The most curious part of the book, in our opinion, is that which discusses the expression of ideas by means of language. Both disputants are agreed that "in man abstraction and the formation of distinct unequivocal ideas can take place without words." Yet they subsequently modify this statement; and later on Professor Max Müller, whose opinion of language is identical with that of the cordwainer about leather, joins the fray, and there results a dispute about language and thought almost as valuable as the profound investigation known to most of us about the priority of the egg or the owl. Language, it is argued by one, must have existed before thought; how could men have thought before they had a language to think in? Nay, says the other, how can we suppose that men formed a language to express their thoughts before they had any thoughts to express? It is like the old dilemma about the hammer. No one can forge iron without a hammer, yet a hammer cannot be made without forging iron. Neither thought nor language seems able to have come into being unless the other existed first, yet we see that they both have managed to come into being, and we think it probable that they grew up side by side. The purpose of the controversy is, on Professor Mivart's side, to prove that "language is the Rubicon of mind," and that "it is so simply because it is the index of that intellectual power, the presence of which makes a true and necessary 'limit to evolution' in the ascending series of organic transformations." If animals had ideas and minds like ours, they would have developed languages like ours. They are not, Professor Mivart argues, able to conceive abstract ideas; and this statement leads him to a curious review, in a note, of the Nominalist and Realist dispute, in which, as may be expected, he declares Realism to have ultimately conquered.

We wish that the multiplication of books on psychology did not tend to the multiplication of terms of art beyond reason and necessity. Here in two octavo volumes we find Professor Mivart and Mr. Romanes unable to express their meaning without adding "recepts" and "senccepts" to the "percepts" and "concepts" which were enough for earlier philosophers. Surely such hieroglyphs render an obscure subject unnecessarily repulsive to the lay reader without greatly assisting the expert. If the new words require a short sentence to express their full meaning properly, let us have the short sentence by all means, instead of a kind of algebra in its place.

THE JEWS UNDER THE ROMANS.*

UNLIKE most of its companion volumes in the "Story of the Nations" series, Mr. Morrison's book covers a comparatively short period, and, as it is fairly thick, deals with its subject at sufficient length. Whatever may be the scheme—if indeed there is one—on which the series is conducted, it certainly cannot include uniformity of treatment. One of the early volumes professed to give the story of the German people and another the story of the Jews, while here we have one on only about three hundred years of Jewish history. We certainly do not object to the change. Nothing can be more wearisome than reading what has been written with a constant effort at compression. If a man really has something to say, he ought to have the opportunity of saying it with comfort to himself and others. Now Mr. Morrison undoubtedly has much to tell us, and, having sufficient opportunity, tells it in a manner that ought to please his readers. He has come to his work well prepared; he knows Josephus and the Roman historians thoroughly, appears to have studied Talmudic

literature to good effect, and has consulted many first-rate French and German authors. All necessary references are given clearly in the footnotes, together with some explanatory matter. The book is divided into two parts, the first containing a narrative of events, the second a number of short treatises on Jewish institutions—political, social, and religious—during the period of Roman rule. The connexion between the domestic history of Rome and the fortunes of the Jews is well brought out, and the steps which led to the overthrow of Jewish liberty by Pompey, to the establishment of the vassal kingship of Herod the Great by Senate, and to the loss even of the semblance of independent existence by the introduction of government by procurators, are marked in a way likely to engage the attention and impress the memory. Grievous as a foreign yoke was to the Jews, Mr. Morrison clearly shows that the Roman conquest gave them the blessings of peace and order; it put an end to such wars as that raised by the adherents of the Pharisees against the Hasmonæan Prince Alexander, in the course of which fifty thousand men are said to have perished; the people enjoyed religious liberty, and were compelled to abstain from religious persecution; a wider field for commerce was opened to them, and they received some valuable privileges. Although now and then their rulers misused their power, the calamities which came upon the Jews were the consequence of their own acts, of a series of revolts arising from a combination of political with religious ideas. The rise of the Zealots into political prominence was caused by the indignation with which the people regarded the census of Quirinius. From that time the Zealots became "the soul of the resistance, and Rome had no rest till they were utterly exterminated." In the second part of his book Mr. Morrison gives us some eminently readable chapters on such subjects as the Sanhedrin, the Temple and its services, the religious sects, and the Jews abroad. Speaking of the origin of the Pharisees and Sadducees, he points out the opposing tendencies existing in Jewish society under the dominion of the Persians; one section, headed by the Scribes, striving to stand aloof from all contact with the Gentile world, while the other, led by the high-priest, was content to mix freely with strangers. These tendencies appear under a slightly different form after the overthrow of the Persian Empire in the divergence between the Assideans and the Hellenists; the Hellenists virtually representing the men who had resisted the separatist policy of the Scribes. While the lengths to which the extreme section of the Hellenists carried their admiration for Gentile customs partly occasioned the revolt against Antiochus Epiphanes, the patriotism evoked by the Maccabean war softened the bitter feelings of both parties; the Assideans and the apostate Hellenists alike disappeared during the struggle, and their places were taken by the less violent Pharisees and Sadducees. The influence which Greek civilization exercised upon the Jews is noted more than once; it was largely due to the policy of Herod the Great, himself a Greek by education, who "surrounded himself with Greeks, and openly preferred them to his Jewish subjects." The account of his reign is, perhaps, the most interesting passage in the narrative portion of the book.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGRAPHY.*

THIS volume consists of a series of essays, which, as the author explains, have mostly been contributed to *Scrivener's Magazine*. As an excuse for their republication, he pleads that, although not originally designed for a book, they were written with a distinct purpose, and have a certain common quality. They were intended to give the general reader, unacquainted with the details of natural science, a comprehensible account of some of the more interesting series of the actions which affect the surface of the earth. For this purpose subjects were selected which, from their nature, commend themselves to the attention of intelligent people. In treating these subjects an effort has been made to show the relation of natural forces to the fortunes of man, and thereby to secure, on the part of the reader, the interest which belongs to matters which affect human welfare alone.

Articles published in a popular magazine secure a very large number of immediate readers, at the cost of subsequent neglect. More than half the copies "perish in the using," and never attain the security of binding. Into those thus protected how few persons afterwards look, unless in one of their idlest or most weary half-hours, when they have no appetite except for the lightest or the more stimulating articles! It would then, we think, have been a loss to more than the better class of magazine readers if Professor Shaler had left these articles to slumber with all kinds of strange bedfellows in the sheets of a "monthly" on the shelves of a few libraries; for on more than one account they are worthy of a separate and more prolonged vitality. In the first place, they are clearly and pleasantly written; while they avoid needless technicality, and are popular in the method of treatment, they are neither slipshod nor inaccurate in expression; indeed, more than once Professor Shaler's explanations are more exact than are those of the ordinary text-books. In the next, the fact that they are written mainly for American readers gives them a special value on this side of the Atlantic. For, as is natural, Professor Shaler takes his examples mainly from his own continent. This gives to the book, for the English reader, a certain freshness and an air of novelty, since he, as is equally natural,

* *Story of the Nations—The Jews under Roman Rule.* By W. D. Morrison. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.

* *Aspects of the Earth: a Popular Account of some Familiar Geological Phenomena.* By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

is more familiar with similar phenomena in Europe. Moreover, in not a few cases America furnishes the geologist with the more striking examples; her rivers, her waterfalls, her lakes, her prairies, her tornados—the works of Nature generally—are proportionate to the magnitude of her continent; indeed the geology of Europe may not seldom be described as only that of America looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. Lastly, this volume is admirably illustrated, not only in regard to the selection of the subjects, but also the execution of the plates, which in many cases are reproductions of photographs. In reference to this Professor Shaler makes some remarks which are well worth repeating:—

Every teacher who has had occasion to inquire into the state of mind of students, who have begun their study of nature from books in which the ordinary characters of natural phenomena are used for illustrations has lamented the errors of understanding which such pictures cause. . . . The beginner should have the natural object which he is called on to consider before him; or if, as is often the case, this cannot be done, he should be provided with the best possible picture of it: a representation which will be reasonably complete without calling on him for any previously acquired knowledge which he cannot fairly be supposed to possess.

We regret to add that we fear it would have been almost impossible to have published *ab initio* such a book as this in England; for, unless the author himself had taken charge of the camera, it would hardly have been possible to obtain photographs made with a definite and intelligent purpose, and after this difficulty had been overcome, we doubt whether any publisher would have then risked the costs of publication. In the representation of natural phenomena, the books on physiography published entirely in this country are more than a decade—which at this epoch means much—behind those coming from the United States.

The first essay in the present volume, entitled "The Stability of the Earth," relates mainly to earthquakes, and contains a discussion on a question of practical interest to the American—namely, the liability to this disaster of different districts in the United States. There historical records, for very obvious reasons, are apt to be wanting for any but very recent times, so Professor Shaler makes use of an ingenious method of obtaining inferential evidence. In various districts, slender pinnacles of rocks, fragile natural bridges, delicately poised boulders, the results of the corrosive action of the elements, are comparatively common. These are but slowly fashioned, and have remained, at any rate for centuries, practically in their present condition. To many of these a violent earthquake shock could not fail to be destructive. If, then, such monuments of ancient time are abundant in any region, it is a fair inference that this has for long been free from any violent earthquake disturbances. Volcanoes form the subject of the second essay, and here, as it is a very long journey to any burning mountain on United States territory, Professor Shaler selects for his chief example Vesuvius and the vicinity of Naples. In this there is little novel—except a trifling slip, for the *Grotto del Cane* is not in the Solfatara—but the story of Vesuvius is well told and interwoven with his own experiences during a visit in 1882. For illustrations of caverns and cavern life the author has not to go far afield; for who does not know of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky? As usual this occurs in a limestone district—in geological age very similar to that of Derbyshire—which is thus described:—

As soon as the observer comes upon this caverned district of Kentucky, he remarks that he has passed from the region where running brooks abound, and is in a country where there are neither streams nor the distinct hills and valleys which he is accustomed to see in other lands. The surface of this area is east into a series of shallow circular pits varying in diameter from a few score feet to half a mile or more. So crowded together are these pits that almost the entire surface lies in some one of these depressions. In the bottom of each of the pits there is normally a vertical shaft, or a series of crevices, down which, in time of rain, the water flows from the drainage slope of the pit, or "sink-hole," as it is called in local phrase. Generally these conduits have been closed, by accident or design, in which case a little pool of circular outline occupies the centre of the depression. Occasionally, in place of the sieve-like openings which usually give the rain-water passage to the depths of the earth, the opening is large and circular, resembling the entrance to a well. Such openings were once common in this country; but the cattle, tempted by the rich herbage which commonly grew about the damp border of the pit, were often entrapped in the opening, so the greater number of them have been artificially closed.

Excellent illustrations are given of stalactites and cave scenery, and caverns formed by the outflow of part of a lava stream or by the sea receive due notice. Professor Shaler incidentally remarks that caves in America appear to have been but rarely used by man as a dwelling-place, though not seldom as a cemetery. Owing to the absence of the hyæna and jackal, and of the larger carnivora generally from North America, there is "a relatively small amount of bones in the deposits of the cavern floors."

The subject of rivers and valleys receives full attention, and there is an excellent essay on the "Instability of the Atmosphere," with several painfully interesting illustrations of the destructive tornados by which parts of the United States are occasionally ravaged. Then the forests of North America are discussed, and the book concludes with an essay, not before published, on the "Origin and Nature of Soils." In these, as indeed in other parts of the volume, remarks of great practical importance are interspersed, such as on the due preservation of forests, the conservation of areas of productive soils, the importance of irrigation, the risks attendant on the construction of reservoirs and the best methods of avoiding them. It is interesting to note that, in regard to State interference with the exercise of private rights to the extent of causing a public wrong, Professor Shaler is no

advocate of the "let-alone" policy which generally finds favour on this side of the Atlantic. "We may soon expect to see the law recognize the fact that a man has only a right to use a portion of the earth's surface in such a manner as is necessary for his immediate needs, care being taken that the reversions of generations to come have been guarded. When this view finds fit expression in our laws, we may expect certain limits to be put to the present reckless waste in the heritage of life represented in our soils." But this portion of the book is only one of several instances where, in addition to scientific information pleasantly imparted, we find some practical remarks which are hardly less valuable.

PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.*

MR. HOWARD COLLINS has given us in his *Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy* an abstract of the ten volumes on various phases of philosophy which Mr. Herbert Spencer has already published. That this must have involved much patient labour and care is quite apparent. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the book is satisfactory. To begin with, it is only by a total misuse of the ordinary terminology that Mr. Spencer's system can be called a "synthetic" philosophy. Positivism, however modified, is distinctly the reverse of synthetic; and the only part of Mr. Spencer's work to which the adjective could fairly be applied is the most unsatisfactory—that, namely, in which he talks of "an unknown and unknowable power, which we are obliged to recognize as without limit in space and without beginning or end in time." Apart, however, from the title of this book, it seems to us to be either too long or too short. It is too short, in so far as it gives dry and brief analyses of Mr. Spencer's paragraphs, without the illustrative guidance which is to be found in his different books. That guidance is so necessary to a perfect critical understanding of his system that the student who goes to the "Epitome" without it will find that he is—to use an old University phrase—"chewing scraped slate-pencil." Mr. Spencer practically admits this in the preface when he says that the continuous reading of his follower's work is likely to prove wearisome, and to leave but faint impressions. To put the matter shortly, those who desire to learn the Spencerian philosophy should go to the fountain-head. Afterwards Mr. Collins's book will be useful for reference. But here comes in the other objection. The book in that case is too long. It contains more than 550 closely printed pages. Mr. Collins's determination that each part of his work should correspond in length exactly to its equivalent in the original has led him into this mistake. We believe that a great deal of compression is possible in different places in the volume, and nowhere more than in the very interesting Part IV. If the book is to be used at all, such compression is absolutely necessary. It may be noted that in his preface Mr. Spencer himself gives in three pages a "succinct statement" of his cardinal principles.

There will always be some prejudice against theories which start from or tend to dualism, while it is, nevertheless, the fact that such speculations are perfectly regular in their occurrence in the history of philosophy. They are naturally to be expected in the Catholic Manuals of Philosophy, of which the latest is *General Metaphysics*, by John Rickaby, S.J. It is not too much to say that we are hampered in dealing with a work which, from its very authorship, must begin with a presupposition. That it is based almost entirely upon St. Thomas and the Scholastics is by no means against it. But so soon as we are met by "mysteries guaranteed for us by revelation" (p. 51) we must call a halt. There may be mysteries so guaranteed, but they cannot, by that very fact, be brought into the domain of metaphysics, whether general or particular. The two chapters upon "Essence and Existence" and "Unity, Truth, and Goodness" are fair samples of Mr. Rickaby's style of work. They are ingenious and clever, but unsatisfactory. The former misses the point, and the latter is principally made up of assertion. From his remarks on the general theory that evil is not positive, but a privation, he goes on:—

The conclusion is that we are neither pessimists nor optimists; that we admit evil, but not any essentially evil principle; that we maintain every Being as such, and every activity of Being as such to be good, yet so that out of the inter-relations of finite perfections evil may ensue by want of the power of mutual accommodation. When evil does thus result, the badness itself is neither a positive Being nor a positive activity of Being; it is the privation of some perfection, the absence of a good that is needful. Moral evil, because of the peculiar nature of free-will, which does not act simply with the mathematical necessity of its nature, presents special difficulties in the way of reducing evil to a privation; but to these we have paid no special attention because they belong to another treatise.—P. 143.

* *An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy.* By F. Howard Collins. With a Preface by Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate.

General Metaphysics. By John Rickaby, S.J. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Science. By Dr. Gustav Adolf Lindner, Professor in the University of Prague. Authorized Translation by Chas. De Garro, Ph.D. Boston: Heath & Co.

Scottish Philosophy: a Comparison of the Scottish and German Answers to Hume. By Andrew Seth, M.A. London: William Blackwood & Co. 1890.

Pure Logic; and other Minor Works. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Robert Adamson, M.A., LL.D., and Harriet A. Jevons. With a Preface by Professor Adamson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

First Lessons in Political Economy. By Francis A. Walker, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

In the first of these sentences there is a distinct evasion of a difficulty; in the third we are promised, on the ground of the words we have italicized, a future explanation. Will it be consistent with what has already been written, and follow St. Augustine? Whether it takes that way or another, it will tax Mr. Rickaby's subtlety to make it at once reasonable and consistent.

It is only in a special sense that Lindner's *Manual of Empirical Psychology as an Inductive Science* deserves the name. The book is rather physiological than psychological. Certainly there are those who attempt on a materialistic basis to prove that the distinction is a false one; and of these the author of this work is ultimately a specimen. The translator begins his task by informing the reader that "the current psychologies are abstract, rationalistic manuals, drawn primarily from the Scotch or other metaphysicians." A more futile charge has never been made about the work of the so-called "Scottish school." If there is one thing more than another which characterizes their psychology, it is their clinging to the facts of experience, and their use of the inductive method. On the very first page of Lindner's book we find as great an assumption as ever rationalist made. He speaks of the "mere time conditions, which we think of as belonging to the ultimate indivisible elements of matter, called atoms. These inner conditions of the atoms are, of course, entirely withdrawn from our experience, for whatever falls within the range of our experience must of necessity be external." He goes on to argue that when we perceive a change in the outer condition (*i.e.* in space and time) we must assume that the inner conditions of the atoms have changed. All this is very extraordinary as coming from a man who, we are told, never leaves experience. A psychologist who never leaves experience, and yet makes assumptions, and introduces a "must" in the very beginning of his work, can scarcely be said to merit the praise given to him by his translator as being so much better than these publicans—the "Scotch and other metaphysicians." When we go further on in this remarkable work to find what the author has to say about the *Ego*, we find that it is an "ideal point, which, in truth, is nothing more than an expression of the fact that all concepts are strictly related to one another." This has the faintest suggestion in it of Kant's Transcendental Unity of Apperception; but it is from later writers than Kant that most of the conclusions in this volume have come. Herbart and Lotze have had more apparent influence upon Lindner than any others. To the former he is indebted for his materialism, so far as it goes; to the latter for his notion about atoms as "supersensible unextended points," as well as for what of realistic dualism remains. The latter is not much. The value of the volume is that it shows how underneath the most pretentiously empirical psychology there are the most daring and unwarrantable presuppositions. Its most distinguishing fault is that these presuppositions and assumptions proceed from the general idea that reason can set a limit to itself beyond which it cannot step. This is no new departure; English, Scottish, German, and American psychologists and metaphysicians have each in turn had their experience of it. This book is issued as a "text-book for schools and colleges." It should not be used.

That a second edition of Professor Seth's original Balfour lectures on the *Scottish Philosophy* should have been called for says a good deal for the value of their matter and the admirable clearness of their style. The first two lectures lead us in the familiar downhill road from Locke through Berkeley to Hume. Those which follow indicate the answers to Hume made respectively by Reid and Kant. It is unnecessary to repeat an objection which must be made every time the Scottish philosopher is critically examined—that the critic has to supplement, support, and nearly rewrite the work of the old Glasgow professor. The last two lectures are excellent specimens of critical fairness and insight, while the felicity of expression throughout is beyond all praise.

The publication of the late Professor Jevons's *Pure Logic*; and other *Minor Works* will not add much to the high reputation of the author, save in so far as the careful and convincing criticisms upon Mill's logic are concerned. That Jevons was distinctly hostile to Mill may be gathered from his remarks about "the inherent defects of his intellectual character." He says:—"For my part, I will no longer consent to live silently under the incubus of bad logic and bad philosophy which Mill's works have laid upon us"; and, again, "However it arose, Mill's mind was essentially illogical." Perhaps this will seem going too far; but the reason of it is to be found in the completely opposite tendencies and education of the two men. Jevons himself was by no means the ideal logician, and what of his logical work will live is rather suggestive than constructive. Yet in this volume the acute sagacity which he displays in his onslaught upon Mill is very remarkable.

Dr. Francis A. Walker, of Boston, has written a fair book in his *First Lessons in Political Economy*. It is intended for junior students; but, unless they use it under a master in the science, it will do them as much harm as good. Pp. 119, 120, pp. 210-213, and many others, treat of subjects which require fuller discussion. The fault—and it is a serious one—in this book is that it often does not take in all the conditions surrounding a subject. It goes without saying that the author is Protectionist. That he should have a leaning towards bimetalism is more remarkable.

LECTURES ON THE COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE SEMITIC LANGUAGES.*

MANY will welcome the posthumous volume of Dr. Wright's *Lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Semitic Languages* which at length sees the light under the most competent editorship of Professor Robertson Smith. That Dr. Wright did not live to revise the proofs is naturally a matter for regret, though most probably no very important alterations would have been made by him. As we learn from the preface, these lectures were first delivered at Cambridge as far back as the Easter Term of 1877; but they were never redelivered, the editor tells us, without being retouched and in parts rewritten, and during Dr. Wright's last illness he often spoke of his intentions in regard to their publication in such terms as to make it evident that it was his intention to publish them without any substantial modification or addition. The manuscript when it came into Professor Robertson Smith's hands was, he writes, "so carefully prepared as to be practically ready to go to press"; his task, therefore, has been simply to remove "repetitions or other slight inconcinities of form," and incorporate a few needful notes and references, some of which have been supplied him by Dr. Wright's old and intimate friend, Professor Nöldeke of Strasburg.

The study of the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages has hitherto found few votaries. While for the great Indo-European family of tongues such philologists as Bopp, Pott, and Schleicher have worked out the general laws of linguistic affinity and co-relation; and, to cite but two instances among many, while Jacob Grimm has made the Teutonic speech the subject of special investigation, and Diez has worked on the Romance languages, the connexion between the members of the smaller group of Semitic languages as a whole has been left almost uninvestigated. Indeed, the only general work that can be mentioned is the first part of M. Renan's *Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques*, written more than a third of a century ago, and of which the second part, dealing with the comparative grammar, has never been published. Dr. Wright's work, therefore, fills a lacuna; and it is only to be regretted that in the original form of lectures it was impossible to go into much detail or give more than a general survey of the half-dozen languages which make up the group.

Dr. Wright, in his first lecture, treats of the various theories concerning the original home of the Semites, a subject on which the opinions of the best authorities differ widely. The late A. von Kremer in the year 1875 wrote some interesting papers in a German periodical called *Das Ausland* on the subject of the various plants and animals which the Semites had borrowed, with their names, from non-Semitic folk. Among other curious facts it was shown that the various Semitic dialects had no word in common for either the date-palm or its fruit, or for the ostrich; while, on the other hand, the name for camel was found to be identical in all the various *langues* of this group. The conclusion A. von Kremer drew was that the various Semitic nations knew of camels when they were yet one people dwelling together in their ancestral home, while ostriches and date-palms must have been first observed by them after they had set forth on their migrations:—

Now the region where there is neither the date-palm nor the ostrich, and yet where the camel has been known from the remotest antiquity, is the great central tableland of Asia, near the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes, the Jaihun, and Saihun. Von Kremer regards the Semitic emigration from this region as having preceded the Aryan or Indo-European, perhaps under pressure from the latter race; and he holds that the Semites first settled in Mesopotamia and Babylonia, which he looks upon as the oldest centre of Semitic civilization.

This novel theory of a Central Asian origin of the Semites finds further support in the writings of Professor Guidi, who, apparently without knowledge of Von Kremer's writings, comes to an identical conclusion with him from a comparison of "the words in the various Semitic languages which express the configurations of the earth's surface, the varieties of soil, the changes of the seasons and climate, the names of minerals, plants, and animals," and the Italian Orientalist, while considering Babylonia as the first centre of Semitic civilization, holds that the Semites must have arrived there as immigrants from the lands on the south and south-west of the Caspian Sea. This Central Asian theory, based solely on the etymology of a small number of words, and leaving out of count all conclusions that might be drawn from a comparison of the history and the speech as a whole of the different Semitic nations, very naturally failed to obtain general acceptance among scholars. Dr. Wright seems, however, at one time to have been inclined to accept Von Kremer's hypothesis, but ultimately he saw cause to reject it, and, with Professor Sayce and such Continental authorities as Sprenger, Schrader, and De Goeje, in these present lectures he avows himself "strongly inclined to adopt" the view that the original home of the Semites lay in Arabia. As Sprenger wrote, "all Semites are . . . successive layers of Arabs," and De Goeje, laying it down as a rule, without exception, that mountaineers never become inhabitants of the steppe and nomad shepherds, refuses to believe that the Semites can have descended from the mountains of Thibet to become dwellers in the plains and swamps of Babylonia.

De Goeje also lays stress upon the fine climate of Central Arabia and the splendid physical and mental development of the race; and, like Schrader, * *Lectures on the Comparative Grammar of the Semitic Languages*. From the Papers of the late William Wright, LL.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

compares their language with those of the other Semites in the earliest stage in which we know them, drawing the inference that the speech of the Arabs is the nearest approximation that we have to the primitive Semitic tongue.

Leaving the subject of the original home of the Semites, we may pass in brief review what Dr. Wright has to tell on the thorny question of whether or not any connexion can be established between the root-words of the Semitic languages and those of the great contiguous families of speech, of the Indo-European branch on the one side, and of the Egyptian on the other. Both the Semitic languages and the Indo-European, as is well known, belong to the inflective class—that is to say, they both use prefixes, affixes, and infixes—but this circumstance does not of itself imply any genetic connexion or even descent from a common stock. As Dr. Wright points out, “an ultimate relationship, if one exist at all, will only be discovered when we have solved the great mystery of the Semitic tongues, the trilateralism of the roots.” In all Semitic languages to find a word in the dictionary the inquirer turns to the root. This, with few exceptions (the most important of which are the pronouns), consists of three letters, all of which are consonants, for the vowels play a secondary part only, and express various modifications in the meaning. In other words, a Semitic root, pure and simple, as for instance *ktl*, is by its very nature unpronounceable; add vowels, and you have, not the root, but a special grammatical form. For example, the three letters of the root *ktl*, conveying the idea of “kill,” are, to use Dr. Wright’s simile, “the bones of a skeleton, which the vowels clothe with flesh and endow with life.” Add vowels to *ktl* and you get grammatical forms, e.g. *katala*, “he killed”; *kutla*, “he was killed”; *kātīl*, “killing” or “a slayer.” Turning now to the roots of the languages of the Indo-European group, a complete difference of kind is observable. Here the roots have nothing of the triconsonantal form, with the varying vocalization as a means of grammatical inflection, as is characteristic of all Semitic languages.

The Indo-European roots are not thus restricted in their nature; the radical vowels, although more liable to phonetic change than the consonants, are as essentially a part of the root as these latter. A root may consist of a single vowel; of a vowel followed by one or more consonants; of one or more consonants followed by a vowel; of a vowel preceded and followed by a single consonant, and so on. The Sanskrit roots *i* “go,” *stā* “stand,” *at* “eat,” *vid* “know,” *grāh* “seize,” are something wholly different in character from the Semitic roots *ktl* “come near,” *ktl* “kill,” *ply* “divide,” . . . and yet here, if anywhere, will an ultimate connexion between these two families of languages be discovered.

In the writings of Fürst and Delitzsch, Von Raumer and Raabe, analogies that lie merely on the surface are taken to warrant an identity in the roots of the Semites and the Aryans. Thus, for instance, the Semitic verb *banah*, “he built,” is said to be the equivalent of the Latin *pono*, and *ba’ar*, “he burnt up,” is given as identical with the Greek *ῥῖπ*. That such comparison, however, is a pure waste of time becomes evident when it is remembered that we are here comparing what (in Hebrew) is an original form (or very nearly so) with what is (in Greek and Latin) a secondary and late development. A very slight knowledge of these languages suffices to teach us that while *banah* stands for an original *bānāyā*, *pono* is a softening of *posmo* (cf. the forms of the perfect and supine). Similarly that *ba’ar* is in the more primitive Arabic pronounced *ba’ara*, while *ῥῖπ* is a contraction of *ῥῖπ*, which probably stands for an original *pavar* and comes from the radical *pu*, in Sanskrit, signifying “to be bright.” It is manifestly futile to seek any connexion between *bānāyā* and *pono*, or between *ba’ara* and *pu*. If such comparisons as these could be upheld, they would prove that Hebrew and Arabic were not merely connected with but actually derived from Sanskrit, or Greek or Latin. As to the affinity between Semitic tongues and the languages of ancient Egypt, Dr. Wright admits that this is a subject which is still *sub judice*, and seems inclined to believe in “a genetic relationship between the Semitic languages and the Egyptian; or at least of a closer affinity than can be said to subsist between the Semitic and the Indo-European.” On the other hand, in the present state of our knowledge of the laws of comparative grammar and ethnography, it is impossible accurately to determine what degree of connexion, if any, may exist between the great families of speech spoken in Europe and Western Asia. Those who hold that the Aryans and the Semites have their birthplace in common at some spot on the Central Asian plain eastward of the Caspian naturally hold that, *prima facie*, the connexion is more than probable. The opposite view, however (that, while the Aryans have descended from the mountains of the Arapachitis, the Semitic nations are autochthones in Central Arabia), reduces the chances of an original identity in language almost to a vanishing point; and Dr. Wright is finally of opinion that “the resemblance between the two families is, on the whole, not greater than we might reasonably expect to find in languages produced by human beings of nearly the same natural endowments under very similar circumstances of development.”

Within the limits of a review it is of course impossible to give any detailed account of the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages, which forms the special object of these lectures. A short chapter is devoted to the interesting subject of “Semitic Writing,” a matter of general interest because, unlike the moot question of the origin of our respective languages, it is a patent fact that we all, *viz* Rome and Greece, derive our letters directly from the Phœnicians, who wrote in a script that is practically identical with the earliest known writing of the Hebrews.

Whether or not the Phœnician character was taken from the hieroglyphs is a point not easy to decide, for the historical details of this “spoiling of the Egyptians” are absolutely wanting. But given the Phœnician alphabet, or rather its earliest prototype the great stele of Mesha’ King of Moab, which dates from the days of Ahab in the ninth century B.C., it is easy to trace the same alphabet in the written characters of all the nations of Europe; while eastward, through the Aramaic script of the ancient Persians, we find the self-same letters in the complicated Sanskrit alphabet, and its numerous Asiatic offshoots. One cannot help wondering what the world would have done had the Phœnicians not invented twenty-two letters, or adapted them by a process of natural selection (as seems the more probable theory) from the hieratic characters used in Egypt during the period prior to the rise of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

It is to be hoped that this volume on the comparative grammar of the Semitic tongues may prove an incentive to scholars, and lead the way to further investigations in a branch of knowledge that has hitherto been strangely neglected both in England and on the Continent. The present series of Lectures was to have been followed by a second series devoted to the subject of Semitic Palæography; but, unhappily, Dr. Wright did not live to prepare these for delivery. Judging from what is left us in these pages, the loss to science is very considerable; but it is to be hoped that some of those who profited by his teaching may carry on the work that he inaugurated so well.

In conclusion, Professor Robertson Smith deserves the thanks of all scholars for the way in which he has edited the papers committed to his charge. For a minor point, it is a pity that the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic examples were not all given in transliteration as well as in the original character. Many Hebrew scholars cannot read Ethiopic, and some who know Coptic are not equally conversant with Arabic and Syriac. Further, while on this subject we think it would have been better to have provided a translation of the extract from the work of De Goeje, in Dutch; though, doubtless, a knowledge of German and English will enable the unlearned reader to gather the drift of the argument.

LESSER CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

TEACHERS of philology have for some time complained of the want of a satisfactory text-book for beginners. They may now make their choice between the works of Professor Victor Henry and of Messrs. King and Cookson. Each of these has its own drawback, the former being a translation from the French, the latter an abridgment of a larger work by the same authors, *The Principles of Sound and Inflection in Greek and Latin*. As both these works are in their original form well known to scholars, we need here only consider their value as

* *A Short Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin for Schools and Colleges*. By Victor Henry, Deputy Professor of Philology in the University of Paris. Translated by R. T. Elliott, M.A., with Introductory Note by Henry Nettleship, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

An Introduction to the Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin. By J. E. King, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford, and C. Cookson, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Latin Gate: a First Latin Translation Book. By E. A. Abbott, D.D., Head Master of the City of London School. London: Seeley & Co.

Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb. By W. W. Goodwin, LL.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Rewritten and enlarged. London: Macmillan.

The Amphitruo of Plautus. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Palmer, M.A., Professor of Latin in Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co.

Demosthenes' Orations against Philip. With Introduction and Notes by Evelyn Abbott, LL.D., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. Vol. ii. (on the Peace, Philippic II., on the Chersonese, Philippic III.) Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Aristophanes—the Birds. With Introduction and Notes by W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Histories of Tacitus. Books III., IV., V. With Introduction and Notes by A. D. Godley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Pliny's Letters. Books I. and II. With Introductions, Notes, and Plan. Edited by James Cowan, M.A., Assistant Master in Manchester Grammar School. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Odyssey of Homer. Book XXI. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Virgil—Georgic I. Edited, for the use of schools, by T. E. Page, M.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse. With Vocabulary. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Alcestis of Euripides. Edited by M. A. Bayfield, M.A., Headmaster's Assistant at Malvern College. London: Macmillan & Co.

Cicero pro Balbo. With Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Editors of “Cicero de Amicitia.” London: Univ. Coll. Press Warehouse.

Sportella; or, Unseen Passages for Higher Forms. Edited by J. H. Fowler, M.A., Sixth Form Master at Manchester Grammar School. London: Rivingtons.

The First Three Books of Homer's Iliad. With Introduction, Commentary, and Vocabulary, for the use of schools, by T. D. Seymour, Hill-house Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

The Ethics of Aristotle. (Nich. Eth., Books I.-IV. and Book X. Chap. vi. to end.) Analysed, Annotated, and Translated for Oxford Passmen by S. H. Jeyes, M.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

elementary text-books of philology. As regards style, Mr. Elliott, to whom the English version of M. Henry's book has been entrusted, has done his work very well; we could scarcely point to a single passage which reads like a translation. But in dealing with phonetics a book written for French readers cannot, without some alteration, be a safe guide for English junior students; and the necessary alterations have not in all cases been made. For instance, the success of a vocal experiment suggested in a note on p. 17 depends on *on* being sounded as in French, not as in English; and on pp. 25, 26 *e* and *i* mean French *e* and *i*, though this is not explained. This is the only flaw that we have found in the book; and, as young students are not likely to be without guidance, it is not a very important one. The work is divided into three parts, dealing with phonology, etymology, and morphology, the last branch of the subject being treated at greatest length; but in so complicated a subject abundant detail is necessary to clearness, and the whole book is a model of lucidity.

Messrs. King and Cookson get over the ground more rapidly than M. Henry; their book, including a chapter on syntax, which M. Henry leaves untouched, contains some two hundred pages, as against the French professor's three hundred. For an introductory text-book this comparative brevity is an advantage; and, though we fancy that a student, working by himself, would learn more from Professor Henry, Messrs. King and Cookson's work is, perhaps, more likely to be useful when supplemented by oral teaching. It has the additional advantage of being thoroughly well got up, whereas our copy of Professor Henry's volume already threatens to fall to pieces. There is one question which naturally suggests itself. Who are the "junior students," what the "schools and colleges" for whose use these two books are said to be intended? To our mind schoolboys, the sixth form included, are very much better employed in becoming familiar with the Latin and Greek languages, and so laying a foundation on which they may, if so minded, afterwards base a study of philology, than in working at a science which, if not exactly in its infancy, has, at any rate, not yet passed the period of youth. To attain the most ordinary proficiency boys must devote to this study time which they can ill spare from other work; while as mental training for the young we should prefer some science the treatment of which involves rather less frequent use of the adverbs "possibly" and "perhaps."

Dr. Abbott's *Latin Gate* is intended mainly for use in schools where Latin is only a subsidiary study; the author's principal aim has been to give boys the power of translating Latin with less expenditure of time than is usually required for the purpose. He caters chiefly for those who wish to gain some facility in translating without desiring to attain to any great skill in Latin composition. This programme at once suggests a certain dialogue in the *Oxford Magazine*, wherein the ambition to read the classical authors with one's feet on the hob is aptly ridiculed. We are not disposed to deny Dr. Abbott's dictum that "translation at sight" is "the most searching and useful test of real knowledge of Latin for boys leaving school at the age of sixteen," but we greatly doubt whether proficiency in translation is best to be attained by shirking grammatical drill; and there is a passage in p. ix of the preface which seems to indicate a belief that, for the boys whom Dr. Abbott has in his mind, learning grammar is rather a waste of time. The reading lessons range from short sentences up to selections from Phædrus and Cæsar. With all respect for Dr. Abbott's high reputation as a teacher, we cannot think it wise to give young boys for their first translation lesson a selection of proverbs beginning with *Ars longa; vita brevis. Verbum sat sapienti. Mors jenua vite*, and so on, for nearly ten pages. Dr. Abbott believes that such sayings are likely "to afford a literary stimulus." He might have been checked by one of his chosen sentences which occurs in the first lesson—*Obscuritatis parens brevisitas*. Proverbs are not meat for babes; and if small boys are to take in pithy sayings of this sort at all, the tongue of the master must be always wagging. The class cannot be left to make out anything for itself, and we are strongly of opinion that in learning to translate a boy does more good by walking along an easy path with as little support as may be than by scrambling up stony places with a firm hand dragging his arm out of the socket. A great deal of help is given in the notes, and is of course necessary if boys are to advance as rapidly as Dr. Abbott seems to think desirable; but in our opinion teachers who escort their pupils along this royal road to learning, in the belief that the work is really being mastered, will have their illusions rudely dispelled the first time the boys are required to translate even an easy passage without help. But the introductory chapters, which occupy the first ninety pages of the book, are excellent. We know no better introduction to the study of words and sentences. The chapters which most take our fancy are those entitled "Latin in English" and "Latin through French," dealing with the formation of compounds and derivatives. Dr. Abbott wisely cautions teachers against putting these chapters bodily into the hands of boys. Their matter should filter through the master, and all young masters, together with many older, would be the better for studying them. They show the true and only way of conveying the elements of word-study to children. The book throughout is full of valuable hints to young teachers in search of method.

Professor Goodwin's well-known *Syntax* has been greatly enlarged in the new edition, and yet it is in essentials the same book, and not a new work. The increase of bulk is due in the

main to two causes. Dr. Goodwin enters far more into theoretical discussions than in previous editions, and he has brought the book thoroughly up to date by incorporating the results of grammatical study during the past quarter of a century. The result is a most valuable book of reference, though the work will now, perhaps, be found less available as an instrument of teaching. Perhaps Dr. Goodwin may be induced to issue an abridged edition, which will come more within the scope of ordinary learners. Not the least interesting features of the present work are the appendices, the first of which deals with and controverts Delbrück's theory that the subjunctive is the mood of will, the optative of wish. The argument, which is admirably worked out, will interest both those who agree with Dr. Goodwin and those who do not. The summing up of the case as regards the subjunctive is most forcible:—"When we find *ἦν ἔλθοι τὴν πόλιν* actually expressing a mere future supposition, with no idea of will, in all periods of the language, and when we find *ἔλθοι* meaning *they will capture* in the earliest period that we know, why should we assume an original idea of will (which was afterwards lost) in *ἔλθοι* to account for its actual meaning?" Another chapter of the appendix contains Dr. Weber's interesting statistics of the use of the final particles. The indexes, a most important part of a book, which must now be regarded mainly as a book of reference, are, so far as we have tested them, complete and accurate; and in no grammar with which we are acquainted are the examples from Greek authors so abundant and so aptly selected.

To discuss adequately Professor Palmer's *Amphitruo* would require far more space than can here be given to it. Fortunately it does not greatly matter; the book is more than a schoolbook, and Latin scholars who love their Plautus will not fail to see for themselves what Mr. Palmer has done, while for students we need only say that we know no better English edition of any Latin play than this one. Besides the commentary in which, as well as in the introduction, the treatment of metrical questions is specially noteworthy, there is a full *apparatus criticus*, while Appendix II. contains some two dozen or so of conjectural emendations of the text of Plautus generally. Of these many are highly ingenious, and some—e.g. *sporta* for *porta* in *Pern*, iii. iii. 30—almost convincing.

Of the second volume of Messrs. Abbott and Matheson's edition of the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip, it need only be said that it is as good as the first. It contains the speeches on *The Peace* and *The Chersonese*, and the second and third Philippics. There is an excellent historical introduction, at the head of which, by an obvious misprint, the Peace of Philocrates is antedated by a century, and the notes are all that could be desired in matters grammatical and historical alike.

In Dr. Merry's *Birds* we have another continuation of good work by a well-known worker. Dr. Merry is an almost ideal editor of Aristophanes, combining as he does sound scholarship with a keen sense of humour. His notes give all the help that should be needed by sixth-form boys, and they abound in happy suggestions for rendering the verbal plays and quibbles in which Aristophanes delights. Mr. Swinburne's translation of the parabasis is given in the notes. It is, we think, a pity that Dr. Merry has given no scheme of metres. They are easy, it is true; but schoolboys are very apt to misunderstand the simplest metrical questions unless they are forced upon their notice.

Mr. Godley's second instalment of his edition of the *Historia* consists of Books III.-V. His work is good and sound, and well suited to the needs of sixth-form boys and undergraduates; attention is duly drawn to points of Tacitean syntax. Now and then Mr. Godley condescends overmuch—as, for instance, when he informs his readers that *hora quinta* is about 11 A.M. He also gives far too many references to notes in his edition of *Historia* I. and II. The two volumes are published separately, and as they are intended mainly for use in schools, each should be complete in itself. Why should a boy searching his notes for information be referred to "Introd. to Books I. and II," or "note on i. 21," when he very probably does not possess the earlier volume?

Mr. Cowan gives us a very good edition, perhaps a trifle over-annotated, of the first two books of Pliny's letters. He understands his author, and he has industriously read up the best authorities. The edition should be found useful by the schoolboys and undergraduates for whom it is intended, and also by any one reading Pliny for the first time.

Mr. Edwards's book would do well to put in the hands of boys beginning Homer. It contains the introductory chapter on Homeric forms, which has become a universal feature of such editions since Mr. Monro made the task of compiling such an introduction easy; the notes are sound, and suited to those who are new to the study of Homer; and various grammatical points are dealt with in an appendix. Good as the work is, it is impossible to feel much enthusiasm about it, as editions of single books of Homer are just now far too frequent.

Mr. Page is already known as the author of one of our best school editions of Horace, and his work on Virgil promises equally well. The notes are good and sufficient, and plenty of attention is given to the literary aspect of the poem. The commentary seems to be adapted to rather younger boys than those of Mr. Sidgwick and Mr. Papillon. So, numerous as editions of Virgil are, it may supply a want.

Mr. Bayfield's *Alcestis* is well suited to boys reading their first Greek play. Besides the notes there is a useful appendix explaining the use of common phrases and particles in Greek tragedy.

Why the conditional sentence more than any other scrap of Greek syntax should be made the subject of Appendix B we do not know.

The anonymous edition of Cicero's *Pro Balbo* seems intended to enable its readers to pass the examination for matriculation at London University. It contains a translation, vocabulary, and such other appliances as may perhaps enable the student to get up his speech without the use of any other book of reference. It is, of course, a work of no permanent importance.

Mr. Fowler has made an excellent little collection of "unseen passages," many of which are taken, as they should be, from authors not generally read in schools—Seneca, Suetonius, Lucan, Plutarch, Apollonius Rhodius, and even Aristotle and Theophrastus.

Mr. Seymour's is a good school edition of the first three books of the *Iliad*. The notes are short, except a few devoted to literary illustration, but they give sufficient help. A distinguishing feature of the commentary is the insertion of Attic equivalents for Homeric words. We have often stated our objections to a vocabulary appended to the text of classical authors, perhaps it is less objectionable in an edition of Homer than of any other author; still, we like it not. Mr. Seymour's vocabulary, however, contains some engravings of Greek costume, &c., which are useful. It is amusing to find in a bibliographical note "Boston, 1887," given as the date of Mr. Jebb's *Homer*. "New York, 1878," the date assigned to Mr. Gladstone's *Primer*, suggests certain fruitless regrets. The book is admirably printed and got up; but English schoolboys have no reason to desert Mr. Monro for Professor Seymour.

Mr. Jeyes has surely earned the undying gratitude of Oxford passmen by his translation and annotation of those parts of the *Ethics* which they are obliged to take up for "Greats." Neither Aristotle, on the one hand, nor passmen, on the other, call for those higher literary gifts of the translator which Mr. Jeyes has shown that he possesses in his *Juvenal*, and even more, perhaps, in the too scanty selection from Cicero's letters, published some years ago; but his present work is faithful, close, and, above all, clear. Mr. Jeyes's work will henceforth be as indispensable to the passman as *Grant* has been to the honour man, and, like that work, will no doubt take up an honoured and undisturbed position on its owner's bookshelves when its more active occupation is gone—a meet and not unworthy offering to Athena.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

THE appearance of a new work on landscape gardening is notable on other grounds than its rarity. A hundred years since such books were frequent indeed, and even more abundant was the literature they inspired. The very title of Mr. Milner's book, while it revives the old question, "Is there an art of landscape gardening?" recalls the flourishing period when the landscape gardener was a power in the land, and a large proportion of the country seats of noblemen and gentlemen were subjected to his improving and embellishing skill. Between the years 1790 and 1820 the literature that sprang up on the subject was large and varied. Much of it was devoted to the exposition of the art and the battle of the styles. Some of it was controversial, and not a little was devoted to the treatment of æsthetic matters. Horace Walpole, Shenstone, Lord Lyttelton, Gray, and William Gilpin may be cited as responsible, by their writings and example, in no small degree, for the exaltation of the landscape gardener in England. Gray encouraged Gilpin's cult of the picturesque, and Gilpin undoubtedly derived from Gray such knowledge of architecture as subsequently he employed with good effect in his admirable writings on landscape scenery. The great gardeners of the age, who were architects as well as gardeners, were to a considerable extent inspired by Gilpin. Strictly speaking, the fifty years dating from 1770 represent the golden prime of landscape gardening. The sway of men like Brown and Kent was truly autocratic. Brown, who began life as a kitchen gardener, acquired an extraordinary influence. He founded a large and important school of followers, who professed to obey his precepts, yet, for the most part, sadly misrepresented their master in practice. Kent is better remembered as a planter in a great age of planting. He never achieved the position of Brown, who, by sheer force of character, imposed his theories on the country. There can be no doubt that the man who inspired an almost universal faith in his powers, as this kitchen gardener did, must have possessed something very like genius. Every good landscape gardener was then expected to discuss the "five orders," but Brown did much more than this for architecture. He designed and superintended the building of churches, bridges, mansions, picture-galleries, &c., for the Earl of Coventry, Mr. Methuen, Lord Clive, and other persons of influence. While "Capability" Brown ruled, as a kind of absolute monarch, there were no captious or sceptical folk to ask, "Is there an art of landscape gardening?" But the unbelievers gathered their forces for battle during the busy life of Humphry Repton, Brown's distinguished successor. He it was who first adopted the term "landscape gardener," and was accused by Uvedale Price, in his celebrated *Essay on the Picturesque*, of assuming "a

title of no small pretensions." Repton was a man of notable parts, a prolific writer, a clever draughtsman, possessed of boundless belief in himself, and gifted with the instincts of a courtier. None knew better when and how to apply the oil of flattery to patrons or those whom he wished to gain over to his side; yet, in spite of his adroitness he became the object of much scathing satire upon his attempt to defend Brown and his school from the criticism of Payne Knight and others. He was severely handled by the author of the didactic poem, "The Landscape," in a certain wrangle caused by an accusation of garbled quotation he brought against Knight. The story is retold in *Headlong Hall* of the fashionable landscape gardener, Mr. Milestone. The original of that amusing sketch, though Peacock does not name him, was no other than Humphry Repton. His reputation, which was not less than that of Brown, was unaffected by these attacks. He survived till 1818, and at his death was buried, at his own request, in "a garden of roses" in the churchyard of Aylsham, Norfolk, where his epitaph, in elegant verse of his making, is legible to this day. From Repton's time to the present much less has been written of the art, and the practice has somewhat languished. Possibly this apparent decay of landscape gardening in England is due to the fact that Brown and Repton left little for future generations to mar or make.

Mr. Henry Milner does not deal with the history and literature of the active period referred to. His aim is the illustration of his own method, and his treatise is eminently practical. We are glad to note from his title-page that Mr. Milner follows the courageous example of the masters. There is an art of landscape gardening, and Mr. Milner is no mere theorist. Associated with his father, the late Edward Milner, who was Sir Joseph Paxton's colleague, the author has enjoyed exceptional opportunities to illustrate the practice of his art and to gain from experience the most valuable kind of knowledge. Like most of his English predecessors since Brown's day, he sets forth with the pleasing statement "Nature is the only exemplar I follow." But this, like other articles of faith, is capable of almost any interpretation in practice. "Brown copied nature; his illiterate followers copied him," is an observation of Repton that possesses more than a superficial truth. That nature abhors a straight line is no sufficient argument against the making of a straight approach to a house or a lengthy avenue of trees, for the function of art lies not in the mere copying of nature. On this important subject Mr. Milner writes with excellent judgment. "A straight approach," he says, "requires very careful treatment," and the house approached by a straight drive should invariably be an imposing structure. Excellent, also, is his guiding principle with regard to the general arrangement and formation of the garden. The skilful gardener's aim is "not a servile copy of nature in its exact details, but an artistic rendering of the effect of nature." It is when art degenerates in artifice, as in some examples of the English imitators of that great master, Le Nôtre, that the most debased specimens of landscape gardening are perpetrated. Of no less a man than Brown it was severely said by Price that he was "perfectly satisfied when he had made a natural river look like an artificial one." Such transformation—or rather deformation—scenes are altogether alien to Mr. Milner's views. As might be inferred from his former connexion with the planning of the Crystal Palace grounds, some of the most interesting sections of the present volume are devoted by Mr. Milner to the consideration of the position and construction of lakes, fountains, pavilions, bridges, boathouses, terraces with their steps, balustrades, panels, and other architectural features. The kitchen-garden, hothouses, public gardens, conservatories, the economic laying-out of land for building, are other topics that come within the range of this comprehensive treatise, though it may be said of some of these that they are not of primary importance to the landscape gardener. Mr. Milner's book, however, is altogether a solid contribution to gardening literature and a guide of considerable practical value. The many plans and diagrams of the author illustrate the text admirably. As illustrations, some of the larger etchings are scarcely so happy.

MR. MACLEOD ON THE FALL IN PRICES.*

IN the desire apparently to make known with the least possible delay his views as to the causes of the great fall in prices since 1873, Mr. Dunning Macleod has not waited to complete the second volume of his *Theory of Credit*, but has divided it into parts, and already issued Part I. We venture to think that this was a mistake, and that the work would have benefited had he given it more care and thought. Certainly it is neither as interesting nor as instructive as the first volume. It throws no light upon dark places in the theory he is discussing. It is too controversial in tone, and very often the controversies are on points of form rather than of substance. But perhaps in nothing is he so disappointing as in his views respecting the causes of the fall in prices that was so marked and persistent from 1873 to 1887. Briefly, Mr. Macleod holds that the fall was brought about by the cheapening of the cost of production and by the absence of speculation. He denies that the scarcity of gold can in any way have contributed to it; for statistics prove that in the

* *The Art and Practice of Landscape Gardening*. By Henry Ernest Milner, F.L.S., &c. With Plans and Illustrations. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited. 1890.

* *The Theory of Credit*. By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. II. Part I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

wholesale markets gold enters into the settlement of transactions to the extent of only about 1 per cent., and a small change in the value of a substance which enters so little into the settlement of debts cannot, he thinks, have had any influence upon the movement of prices. Every competent person, of course, admits that the cost of production has been reduced since 1873 by new discoveries and inventions, by the construction of railways and telegraphs, by the improvements that have been introduced into marine construction, and by the extension of the area under cultivation in new countries. Any person who would deny that all these influences must have affected prices proves himself undeserving of attention. We freely admit, then, that the reduction in cost has contributed to lower prices. We make no doubt at all that, if gold had been produced in ever so vast a quantity, there would have been some fall in prices owing to the causes just referred to. But all competent persons are agreed at the same time that the reduction in the cost of production does not account for the whole fall that has taken place. Mr. Macleod himself fully admits this, and he explains the further fall by the absence of speculation. Credit, as he justly observes, is as effective in purchasing as money itself, and credit expands in periods of speculation and sends up prices. But he argues that speculation has been absent since 1873, and therefore prices have fallen. Even if this could be accepted as a satisfactory explanation, it would take us only a step in advance; for the question would immediately arise, Why has speculation been absent since 1873? and to this question Mr. Macleod confesses himself unable to give an answer.

But is it really true that speculation has been absent since 1873? There has not been a very great speculation in commodities generally; but there certainly has been a marked speculation in some commodities, and a readiness to speculate in all if the opportunity offered. Look, for example, to the Stock Exchange. Since 1873 we have had two periods of wild and reckless speculation—the one ending with the collapse of the Union Générale, the other still in progress, though the break-down in the River Plate countries seems to betoken the beginning of the end. Even in commodities we have had some wild speculation. The most memorable of these was the combination in Paris to control the copper market. But there have been several other speculations on a smaller scale, such as that in iron, which broke down last Christmas, and those in tin and lead, which broke down earlier. Almost every summer also for years past, we have seen a speculation in cotton, and one has only just broken down with the failure of the Cotton King. In Chicago, again, year after year we have had speculations in wheat. We had a speculation in sugar not very long ago in Germany and Belgium, and we have also had speculations in coffee and other articles. It is quite clear, therefore, that the will to speculate has existed since 1873 quite as generally and quite as strongly as before. And Mr. Macleod must explain why it failed to stop the fall in prices before he can expect any one to accept his views on the causes of the fall. But, without pushing the matter farther, we turn to Mr. Macleod's assertion that, since gold enters to the extent of only about one per cent. into the settlement of commercial transactions, changes in its value cannot affect prices. And we think we shall have no difficulty in showing that he is wrong. It seems to us evident that a man of so much analytical ability as Mr. Macleod could not have fallen into such a mistake were he not misled by a hobby which he is riding too far. He has done good service in insisting that credit is as effective in making purchases as money itself, and his explanation of credit as the present value of a future profit is not only ingenious, but valuable. Had he stopped there he would have done well; but he insists that a credit instrument is a commodity. Now all the assertions in the world will never convince people that the present value of a thing is the same as the thing itself. Unfortunately, Mr. Macleod will have it so; and therefore he seems to have persuaded himself that it is to the absence of speculation mainly that the fall in prices is to be attributed.

When a banker opens a credit for a customer he puts it in the power of the customer to demand payment in gold. Experience justifies him in concluding that, in the great majority of cases his customers will not insist upon payment in gold, and, therefore, it justifies him in keeping a cash reserve very much smaller than his liabilities; but the fact remains all the same that any customer can demand payment in gold, and, consequently, the banker's purchasing power by means of credit is measured exactly by the purchasing power of the gold which would discharge the credit. The credit of the banker may at any time have to be covered with gold; and, therefore, the credit document has exactly the same purchasing power, and not more than an equivalent amount of gold. But the purchasing power of gold, like that of all other commodities, depends upon the relation between demand and supply. During the past twenty years there has been a great reduction in the new supplies of gold. The yearly output has been steadily falling off. On the other hand, there has been a great increase in the demand for gold. Germany, for example, has exchanged a silver currency for a gold one, and the United States have resumed specie payments largely in gold, while the gold-using countries have been growing in wealth and population. Since then production has been falling off, and consumption has been increasing, the value of gold has steadily and necessarily been rising.

But the value of gold is only another form of expression for its purchasing power, or, to put the matter a little differently, the rise in the value of gold means that the same quantity of gold exchanges now for a larger quantity of other things than it did formerly. If this be so, the question is not to what extent gold enters into the settlement of commercial transactions; the real question is, can the same quantity and quality of gold have two different values in the same market at the same time? Nobody will dispute that gold mine-owners will insist upon getting more for their gold as the gold becomes scarcer and scarcer. And if that be conceded, is it conceivable that those who obtain the gold from the mine-owners will consent to take less for it than they have given, and so on, until the gold reaches the London market. And is it conceivable that when arrived there the new gold will have one value and the old gold another? Is it not, on the contrary, self-evident that the instant gold rises at the mines the rise will make itself felt all over the world, and prices will gradually and steadily decline.

JOSEF ISRAËLS.

WE have received from the publisher, Mr. Schalekamp, of Amsterdam, through Messrs. Boussod & Valadon, of Bond Street, a specimen number of the great work on Israël which he is bringing out. It is a large folio, handsomely printed, with an essay on the artist by Messrs. Netscher and Zilleken, and etchings by Mr. Steelink. Israël's work yields itself very well to this kind of treatment. The drawing, of course, is correct; some attention is paid to composition, a rarity with modern artists, and colour is not missed; for, in truth, no pictures can be painted more severely in monochrome. As a rule, Israël's subjects are not of a lively or exhilarating character. The late Mr. Holl, perhaps, excelled him in the choice of sombre and even disagreeable subjects to paint. They were called by his admirers "pathetic pictures," and it is very wrong to say brutally, as we are inclined to do, that pathos is somewhat out of place in pictures, and that we are apt to weary of a sad or painful scene, and to wish for something conceived in a happier mood for the decoration of our walls. With this barbarian qualification we may admire Israël; and certainly one of the prints before us, "Le Repas," has as little that is disagreeable in it as any of his pictures. A very happy, if homely, group sit round a large basin of some kind of food, in a squalid kitchen with two windows, one of them so grimy that it only serves to set off the high light of the other. There is a great deal of very soft work in the etching, in which Mr. Steelink has succeeded in producing a very Rembrandtesque effect. A second print represents a remarkably plain young person sewing a seam, and very intent on her work. The drawing is very forcible, but rough, and it is not easy to tell exactly where the charm, if any, comes in. However, we may fully recommend this instalment to any one who admires this kind of art, as it is as good of its kind as possible.

A HOUSEHOLD DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE.*

WE have long urged that the teaching of elementary physiology, and, in necessary connexion with it, the methods of conducting life which are best calculated to maintain health of body and mind, should form part of the regular curriculum of the senior classes in every school. Were it not for the complete absence of such teaching one would have thought it scarcely necessary to insist that it is expedient for every one to have sufficient knowledge of his own body to enable him to manage it so that his life-work may be of the best quality and quantity possible for him, and his capacity for the enjoyment of such happiness as may fall to his lot not be dulled by infirmities due to the transgression of sanitary laws. In our opinion vicious habits of various kinds originate as frequently from ignorance as from moral perversion, and their formation might frequently be prevented by a little timely instruction. It has been too much the tendency to ignore, or, at any rate, speak contemptuously of, the body, as if it were something about which the less said the better. We will not enter upon the vexed, and probably insoluble, question of the nature of the connexion between our corporeal and mental powers; but we may, without fear of contradiction, state that it is of so intimate a character that not the smallest evil can happen to the one without the other being affected. It is a matter of common observation that a dose of rhubarb will often restore sweetness of temper to a child, and that the most saintly man cannot altogether resist the irritability caused by a congested liver; and, conversely, that a mental shock will often cause fainting, and has been known even to kill. Forty years of age is the period assigned by a well-known author at which a man should be capable of being his own physician. After such a number of years of blundering and experimenting the physician is likely to have a sufficiency of disease upon which to practise his laboriously-acquired art. We are, however, glad to observe that the English mind is beginning to show signs of apprehension of the fact that some slight knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame may be almost as useful to

* *A Household Dictionary of Medicine.* By Frederick Rolleston Walters, M.D., Lond. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

its possessor as a familiarity with logarithms, and that the question of how to keep healthy is a problem almost as important and much more difficult and complicated than the "pons asinorum." There is evidence of this in the popularity of ambulance classes, and the considerable attendance upon health lectures, as also in the publication of such books as that under consideration. Those who see the advisability of obtaining this kind of knowledge, and have the requisite time and energy, can do so to some extent by these means; but we are strongly of opinion that this is insufficient, and that general and systematic instructions in these matters should be given. A good beginning might be made by requiring that any one taking charge of a school should have passed a suitable examination in sanitary science. Such education would go far to break the power of medical quackery, which is such a crying evil at the present day, and a little knowledge (if sound) would not prove a dangerous thing, but one of the utmost utility, depriving of their victims the harpies who wax fat by preying upon the weaker and more ignorant specimens of humanity. Dr. Walters's Dictionary is carefully compiled and well deserving of success.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ABOUT six years ago the long neglect which had rested on the most immediate, and as far as stage-craft goes (for Garnier, a far greater man of letters, was a much worse playwright) the chief predecessor of Corneille, was atoned for by the reprinting at Marburg by Herr Stengel of the old edition of Alexandre Hardy's *Plays* (1). That edition stands to the known total of the prolific playwright's work even more fragmentarily than our own standard edition of Heywood does to the known total of the works of the author of *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. The modest total of the printed plays runs but to some forty; the originals, at "fifty crowns apiece," are said to have run, striking the average of different statements, to some fifteen times that number. The *editio princeps* is, as most of the editions of early French dramatists are, a pretty book; the Marburg reprint, though cramped, is not ugly. We are not sure that M. Rigal, to whose excellence of intention we desire to do all justice, would not have done more for Hardy if he had better observed the law of measure. His work has more than seven hundred pages, each of which—including copious notes—probably extends to the contents of at least two of an "every gentleman's library" octavo. Could any one stand fourteen hundred pages about Heywood? Yet Heywood is what Hardy was not—a poet at his hours. About one-fourth of the bulk might have been fairly spent on a writer who was a great power fashioning the theatre, and who once or twice, as in *Marianne*, achieved something like an undoubted success. But an elaborate analysis of all his plots, with infinite digression on all manner of stage affairs of the time, is not critical. M. Rigal has, we are prepared to allow, corrected some errors about Hardy. But whether to those who have read Hardy for themselves or to those who have not and will not, his book is, as we have said, out of measure. Alas! that it should be so hard to teach writing folk how many things there are not to say.

M. Léon Lefébure's *Le devoir social* (2) is admittedly a book written for Frenchmen first of all, and rather designed to give them the lessons of others' experience than to reverse the process. It is, however, not the less interesting to those who interest themselves in its subjects—poor laws in theory and practice, the organization of charity, the observance of a weekly day of rest, workmen's insurance funds, and so forth. M. Lefébure, like most Frenchmen, is dead against our own system of poor-law relief, though he does not, perhaps, take sufficient note of the fact that it has been the concomitant, if not the cause, of a singular postponement, to say the least, of the acute and inflammatory state of relations between the have-nots and the haves, and though he does not allow anything like full weight to the fact that the dislike of workhouse restraints does actually counteract to a great extent the pauperizing tendency of workhouse facilities. His book is furnished with some interesting diagrams of the distribution of wealth in Paris, as shown by rate of marriages, average price of lodgings, and the like.

M. de Mercœur's *Romanciers allemands contemporains* (3) are Spielhagen, Heyse, Freytag, and Raabe, who have, on an average, a hundred pages apiece—too much or too little, we should humbly be inclined to suggest. An introduction of about equal length to the average essay indulges lavishly in those generalizations which are the curse of French criticism. "Le Français a la compréhension du cœur; l'Allemand a la compréhension de l'esprit." "Le génie de la France est l'amour; le génie de l'Allemagne est la science." "Les Français sont amoureux du beau, du joli. L'Allemand est un grand rêveur," &c. &c. We had rather be kittens and cry mew than chatter in this fashion. It is not, indeed, in a Frenchman incompatible with the enunciation of better things now and then; but still it is radically bad; a beginning at the end, a putting of the cart before the horse. When a Frenchman discards it, as once in a thousand years he does,

his name is Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve, and he becomes the best critic of the world. When he does not discard it, his flame may be anything, but he becomes—something else.

The very titles of M. Carle des Perrières's papers (4) show that they are newspaper articles, the composition of which was probably spread over several years. They are agreeable reading, if not of the very most agreeable. "Duels d'autrefois et duels d'aujourd'hui" is on an always interesting subject; "Les journaux qui commencent," though we think it has been done before, is a pleasant trifle enough. "Paris qui triche" is readable; "La vierge rouge" (about poor Louise Michel) is sympathetic without being silly. "Récits tonkinois" shows an honest disgust at the disgusting nonsense which was talked by a certain section of Parisian journalists about the middle-class voyou named Chambige. If M. de Perrières has not the liveliness of some of his contemporaries, he is a much better fellow and more of a gentleman than some of them; and to be a good fellow and a gentleman, look you, is good gifts.

A few weeks ago we had to notice the first instalment of Pozzo di Borgo's letters; this brief and popular biography of him by Viscount Maggiolo (5) is also authorized by the family, and will come usefully enough to refresh popular memory of a man whose reputation, great in its day, has somewhat faded. Although his biographer and (though he styles himself a Lorrainer by birth, we suspect) countryman makes a stout fight for him, and would have it that it was only after the desertion of Corsica by the English and his own outlawry that Pozzo went about seeking who would hire him, we incline to think that he has a good deal of the "Swiss of Heaven" about him. Now, in politics such men, to our thinking, occupy a far lower position than in war. Politics without patriotism are almost inconceivable—at any rate, they cannot rank a man much higher than a faithful butler or footman. But Pozzo di Borgo was undoubtedly no mean diplomatist; and as far as fidelity to employers will make an honest man he was that also. Whether he did not do something to secure for Russian diplomacy its reputation for not sticking at trifles, as well as for ability, may be another question.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new annual volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) sustains to the full the many attractive features that have long marked this excellent periodical. The artistic quality of the illustrations is well exemplified, both by the woodcuts in the text and the admirable engravings after old masters and modern painters by Messrs. R. Taylor, O. Lacour, H. F. Davey, and others. The articles descriptive of famous localities or ancestral houses are, as usual, among the most notable contents of this handsome volume. Of this very interesting section it is sufficient to cite, as examples of the happy alliance of authors and artists, the series of papers on Eton College by Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte, the Rev. S. R. James, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, with drawings by Mr. P. H. Norman; Mr. Biscoe Gardiner's drawings for Mr. Grant Allen's "From Moor to Sea"; Professor Thorpe's account of "St. Michael's"; Mr. H. R. Haweis on "Bells and Belfries" in Belgian churches; "Lismore," by Mr. Adrian Stokes; "Heligoland," by Mr. Walter Armstrong; "Highclere" and "Osterley Park," described by Elizabeth Balch, and Mr. Blunt's pleasant notes of a journey on the upper Thames, with charming photographic illustrations. Varied in interest is the letterpress, and wide is the range. In romance there is "The Ring of Amasis"; in poetry there are lyrics by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, and others; in music, Professor Stanford and Mr. Hamish MacCunn are contributors; and in sport, the illustrated articles on Cricket, by Dr. W. G. Grace, and on Rowing at Oxford and at Cambridge, by Mr. R. C. Lehmann and Mr. W. H. Grenfell. The industrial arts are well represented and depicted by Mr. Alan Cole's "Lacemaking in Ireland," Mr. Benson's "Embossing of Metals," and Mr. Woodall's capital paper on Rhineland potters, illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. In many directions the tastes of all classes of magazine readers are consulted, and the result is a volume that thoroughly deserves popularity.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's *Review of the New York Musical Season* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.) is now firmly established as a volume of reference indispensable to the increasing number of persons who are interested in following the course of musical interpretation in other countries than their own. The present *Review* deals with the musical season in New York and Brooklyn from October 1889 to May 1890. Its value is by no means confined to its accuracy and completeness as a record or chronicle of events. Mr. Krehbiel is not only an excellent critic, but his criticisms are excellent reading when the excitement of first nights is overpast. For example, his notice of the performance of *Don Giovanni* by the German Opera Company under Herr Seidl, at the Metropolitan Opera House, comprises, in addition to some suggestive criticism, a very interesting account of the career of Da Ponte, the librettist, who in America was tradesman, teacher, bookseller, and opera-manager. Mr. Krehbiel is right in saying "the life of Lorenzo Da Ponte has never been all told." Who, indeed, has been "biographed" completely? But Mr. Krehbiel, if of a romantic

(1) *Alexandre Hardy et le théâtre français à la fin du XVI^e et au commencement du XVII^e siècles*. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Le devoir social*. Par Léon Lefébure. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Romanciers allemands contemporains*. Par F. de Mercœur. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Paris au club*. Par Carle des Perrières. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Pozzo di Borgo*. Par le Vicomte A. Maggiolo. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

turn of mind, should set forth the life of this perplexing Venetian Jew in very entertaining fashion. Da Ponte was an adventurer, and he requires an adventurous biographer.

Among the "Canterbury Poets" series, *The Painter-Poets* (Walter Scott) is decidedly the oddest production we owe to the caprice of "selectors." So much execrable verse as is here passed off as the work of poets, with so very little real poetry, has never before been collected or selected in a single volume. Did they paint, or draw, or model in clay as badly as they are herein shown to have written in verse, there had been a bad market for most of these poet-artists. Too much may be made of Mr. Kington Parkes's ascription of Byron's stanza from *Childe Harold* to the Muse of J. M. W. Turner. No one reads Byron nowadays, excepting all the world outside England. He is not the poet for a flabby age. But men like Blake and Hood and Rossetti should have been represented in their strength in this book; yet Mr. Parkes has so contrived it that they appear only fitfully as poets, very slightly distinguishable from the Hornes and the Images of his Temple of Painter-Poetry.

In the new edition of the Aldine Poets the familiar green binding is supplemented by a pretty crimson. *Blake's Poetical Works*, edited by W. M. Rossetti (Bell & Sons), is the first volume of this reprint of an excellent series. It is prefaced by the engraving after Phillips's portrait of Blake, by Jeans—a good plate in every sense—and Mr. Rossetti's careful, if not inspiring, memoir. Mr. Rossetti, we observe, speaks of the man who introduced Blake to Stothard as "an engraver named Trotter," as if he were unaware of the fact that Trotter's reputation was great in his day, and thoroughly well deserved. And good engravers were more abundant in Trotter's time than they are now.

Persons interested in the early history of the East India Company, the "London," and the "New" associations incorporated under that title, need nothing but a passing reminder of the publication of a new edition of Sir George Birdwood's *Report on the Miscellaneous Old Records at the India House* (Allen & Co.) which originally appeared in 1878. Through the recent discovery of documents then missing the present volume is amended in several respects, and the *Report* is thereby rendered more readily accessible for reference.

One result of the Board of Trade inquiry on the subject of Revised Classification and Rates of Railway Companies is an extremely voluminous *Report* to the various Railway Conferences, by Mr. Thomas Waghorn, formerly Secretary of the Cornwall Railway Company, and Mr. Marshall Stevens, F.S.S., published by Messrs. Frank Nodal & Co., of Manchester. The *Appendix* to the *Report*, embodying the proposals of the Railway Companies for Revised Classification of Merchandise Traffic, Revised Schedule of Rates, &c., is not less bulky. It comprises, in addition, abstracts of traffic tabulated and classified, a general digest of evidence, constructive cases, and other material for the information of members of the Legislature. As the official Minutes of the Board of Trade inquiry occupy close upon four thousand folio pages, the present *Report*, from the Railway Companies' point of view, can scarcely be said to be unduly prolix.

Round bi th' Derby (Heywood) is the title of a collection of sketches in prose and verse, by "Th'owd Weighver," written in the Lancashire dialect. The author is a Rochdale man, and an acute observer of the humours of Lancashire weavers. His descriptions of rambles about the country possess the best qualities of sketches. They are full of brightness and life. His verse, too, shows other gifts of the poet than the mere accomplishment of rhyming.

From Messrs. Gale & Polden of Chatham we have received pocket volumes of *Physical Drill with Arms* and *Physical Training without Arms*, "strictly in accordance with the New Drill, and fully illustrated as taught at Aldershot," translated by Major H. D. Hutchinson into Urdu and Nagri, for the use of native instructors and recruits. All four of these handy books are illustrated by excellent diagrams.

The President of the Society of Bibliomania, "Volume One" of an exclusive band of book-lovers numbering nine, with an "Index," as Secretary, is the author of a sketch, a friendly sketch, of one who was an example for the Society—*Sir Affluent Cosmopolitan*—a gentleman who belonged to the small class which can afford to buy what and when it likes. He amassed a great and good library, which his nephew and heir, whom he had fondly inculcated, as he thought, with a passion for books, did not live to inherit. The new heir cared for horses and dogs rather than libraries. But, as the head of the Bibliomania cynically observes, the dispersion of a great library gives us all an opportunity of adding to our stores.

Sir J. W. Dawson's *Modern Ideas of Evolution as related to Revelation and Science* (Religious Tract Society) embodies the thoughts of an eminent geologist on some of the chief flaws and discrepancies in what he justly styles the "hypothesis" of evolution. If there is anything calculated to arrest the cocksure young scientist, who is always the young man in a hurry, this book should do it. Perhaps nothing but a counterblast—and Sir William Dawson's work is too well reasoned to deserve the term—can be expected to shake the unflinching confidence of the middlemen of science who purvey Darwinism, or what they consider to be Darwinism, to the intelligent multitude.

We have received the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund (A. P. Watt); *English Dialects: their Sounds and Homes*, by Alexander J. Ellis, an abridgment of the author's *Existing Phonology of English Dialects*, with two maps (Kegan

Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); the *Third Annual Report* of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education; *The New Criticism*, four sermons by the Rev. Edmund S. Ffoulkes (Skeffington); *The Province of Christian Ethics*, a lecture by Vincent Henry Stanton, M.A. (Rivington); *Dante*, six sermons by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., second edition (Elkin Mathews); Part VI. of Mr. G. B. Buckton's *Monograph of the British Cicadee* (Macmillan & Co.); *Incurable*, translated by Mrs. H. W. Eve from the German of Paul Heyse (Nutt); the *Report of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, Vol. I., edited by Messrs. A. Liversidge and R. Etheridge, jun.; *Gulliver in Mammaland*, by Richard Chandler (Grube); *The Paddy Tax in Ceylon*, by J. H. Starey (Casell); and *A Clean Pair of Heels*, a pamphlet on the corrosion and fouling of steel and iron vessels, by Commander F. T. Pitt, R.N. (Remington & Co.)

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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